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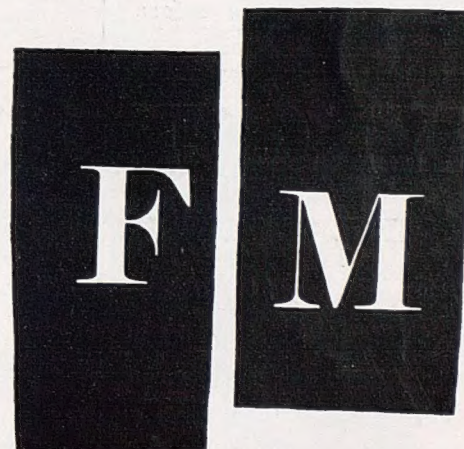
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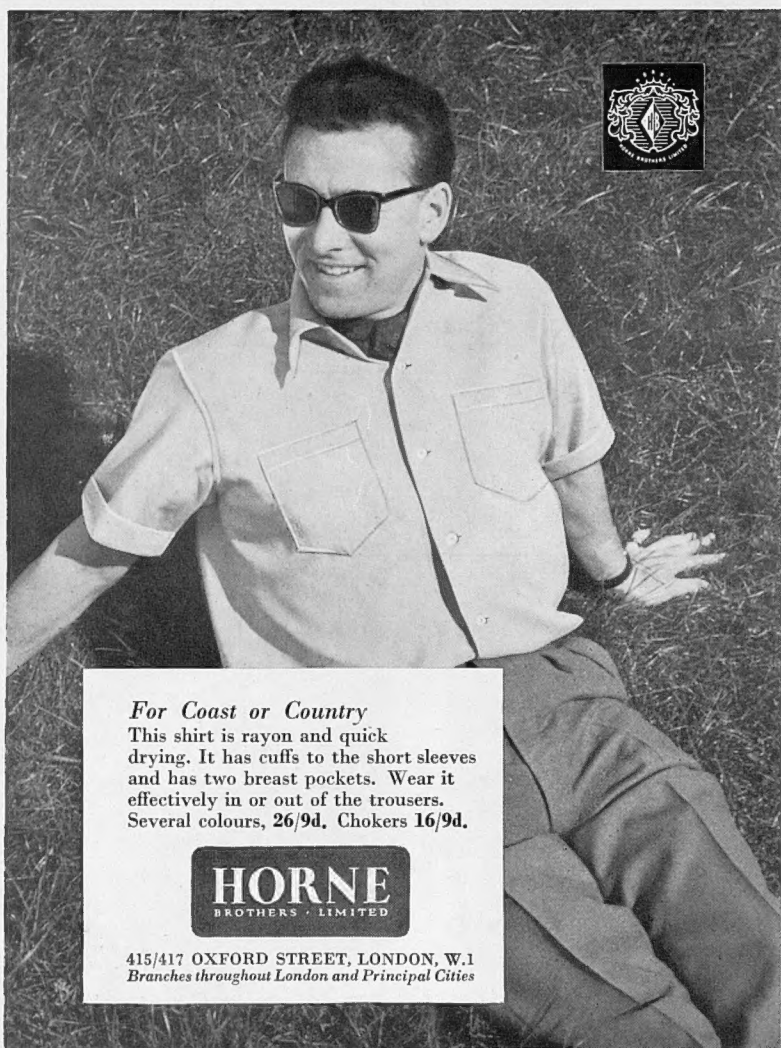


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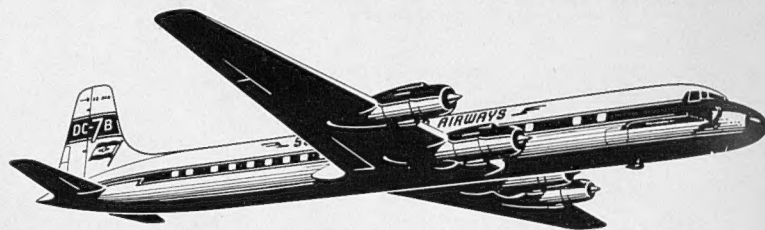


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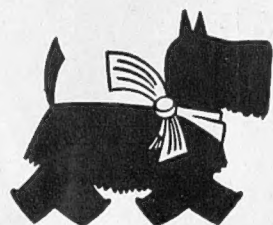
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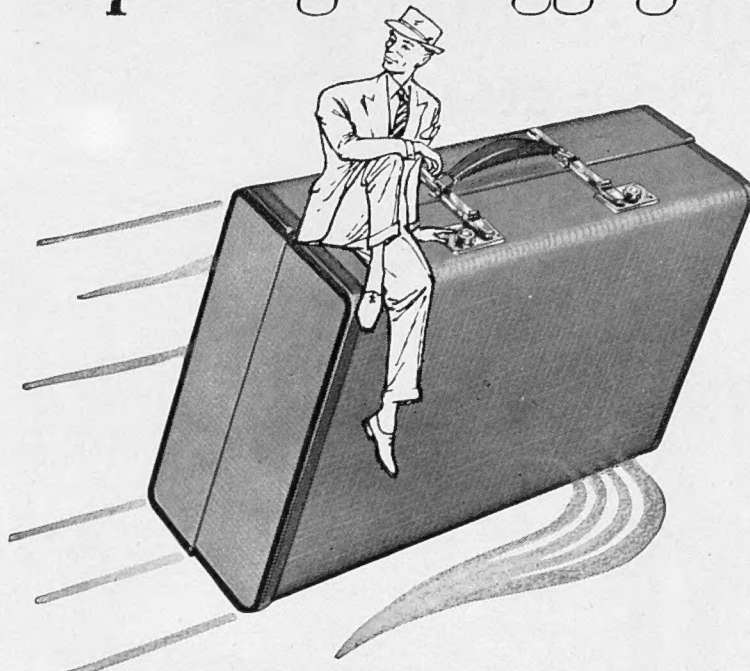
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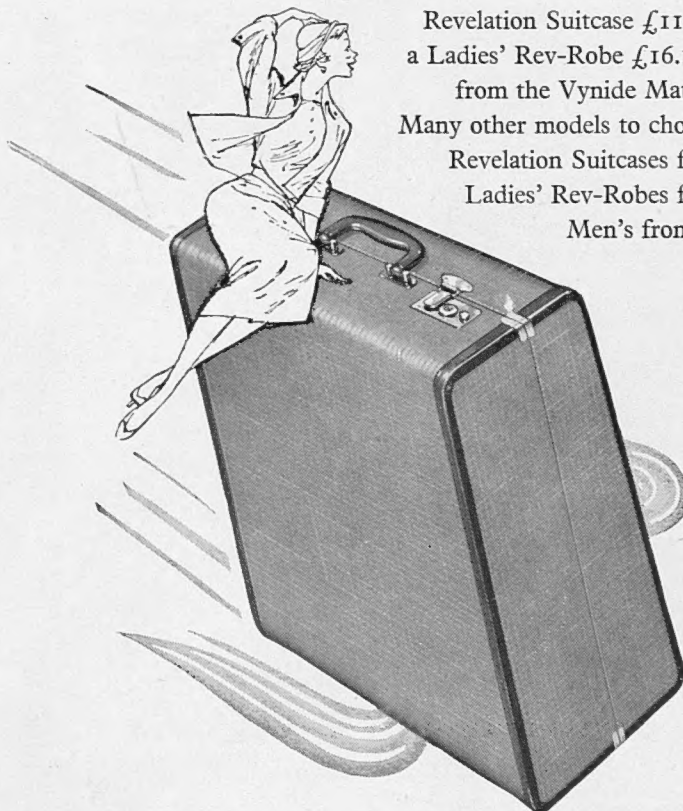
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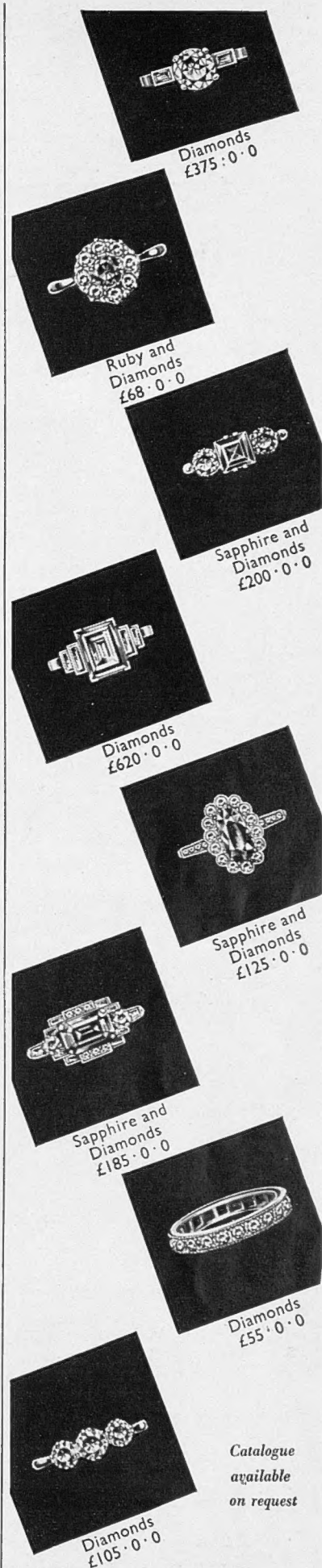
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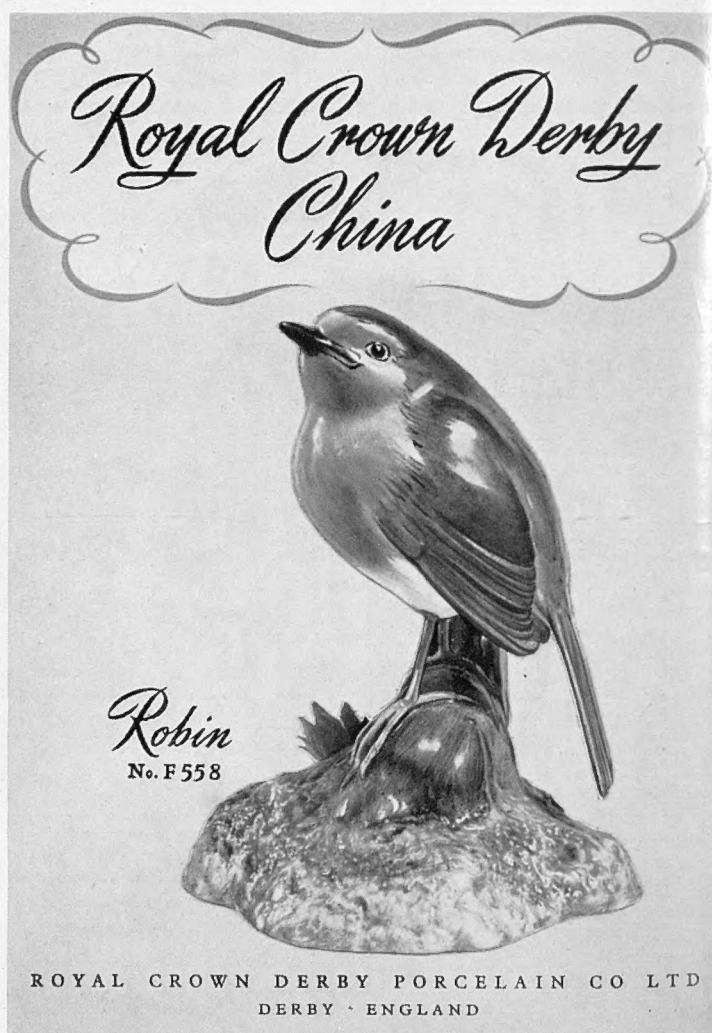
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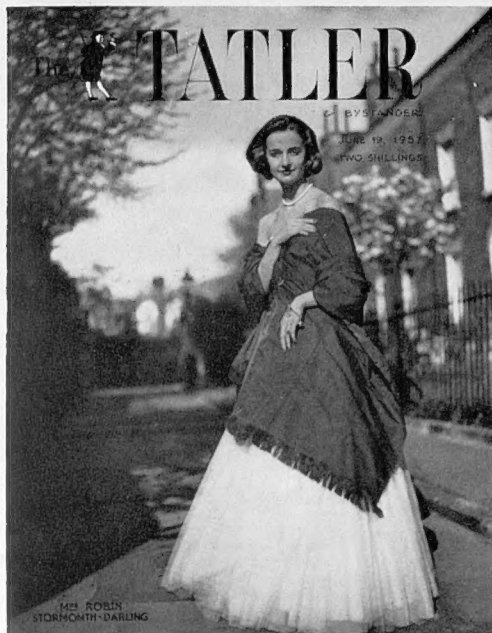


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MRS. ROBIN STORMONTH-DARLING is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner, of The Cottage, Hobart Place, S.W.1, whose younger daughter, Sarah, is a débutante this year. Mr. and Mrs. Stormonth-Darling were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, in October of last year, and now live at Crescent Place, London, S.W.3. She has travelled widely on the Continent and in the United States, and enjoys swimming and outdoor sports

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 19 to June 26

June 19 (Wed.) Royal Ascot.

Royal Counties Show and National Hackney Horse Show (to June 22), Guildford, Surrey.
Cricket: The National Book League v. Authors, at Westminster School.

Polo: Semi-finals, Smith's Lawn Cup, at Windsor.
Guards' Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead; the Flying Saucer Ball at Grosvenor House;

Magdalene College, Cambridge, May Ball.
Racing at Ascot (Royal Hunt Cup), and Ripon.

June 20 (Thu.) Royal Ascot.

Cricket: second Test Match, England v. West Indies (and June 21, 24, 25), at Lord's.

Polo: Semi-finals, Smith's Lawn Cup, at Windsor.
Gala Summer Ball at Lansdowne Club.
Racing at Ascot (Ascot Gold Cup), and Pontefract.

June 21 (Fri.) Royal Ascot.

Golf: Ladies' Golf Union Home International Matches (two days), Gleneagles, Perthshire.

Polo: Semi-finals, Royal Windsor Cup, at Windsor.
Dances: Mrs. Robert Crompton Hutton (small dance) for Miss Joneta Caroline Hutton, at Harescombe Grange, Gloucester; Mrs. Pharazyn for Miss Patricia and Miss Billinda Pharazyn, at St. George's Hill, Weybridge.
The Cygnets' Ball at Claridge's; St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, Summer Ball; Hertford College, Oxford, Summer Ball.

Racing at Ascot (Wokingham Stakes), and Pontefract.

June 22 (Sat.) Polo: Final, Smith's Lawn Cup, at Windsor.

Dance: Mrs. John Lade for Miss Moya Lade, at Yaldham Manor, Wrotham, Kent.
International Lawn Tennis Club Dinner Dance, R.A.C.

Racing at Ascot Heath, Hamilton Park, Thirsk and Worcester.

June 23 (Sun.) Polo: Final, Royal Windsor Cup.
International Lawn Tennis Club Reception to overseas players at Hurlingham Club.

June 24 (Mon.) Midsummer Day.

The Queen and Prince Philip will attend the Test Match, England v. West Indies, at Lord's.

All England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon (to July 6).

Golf: Ladies' Golf Union British Open Amateur Championship (to 27th), Gleneagles, Perthshire.
Christ Church, Oxford, Commemoration Ball; Merton College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball.

Racing at Birmingham, Folkestone, and Redcar.

June 25 (Tue.) Supper dance: Mrs. Guy Gluckstein for Miss Sally Gluckstein at the Trocadero Restaurant.

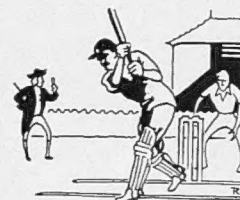
Dance: Lady Elles for Miss Serena Murray and Miss Philippa Du Boulay, at the Portuguese Embassy, lent by the Portuguese Ambassador.
British-American Ball at the Dorchester; Wadham College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball; Lincoln College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball; Overseas League Commonwealth Ball, Over-Seas House, St. James's.

Racing at Birmingham, Folkestone and Redcar.

June 26 (Wed.) Cricket: M.C.C. v. Oxford University (to 28th), at Lord's.

Dance: Mrs. Nigel Capel-Cure and Mrs. Hubert Barry for Miss Virginia Capel-Cure and Miss Rosemary Barry, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Newbury and Catterick Bridge.



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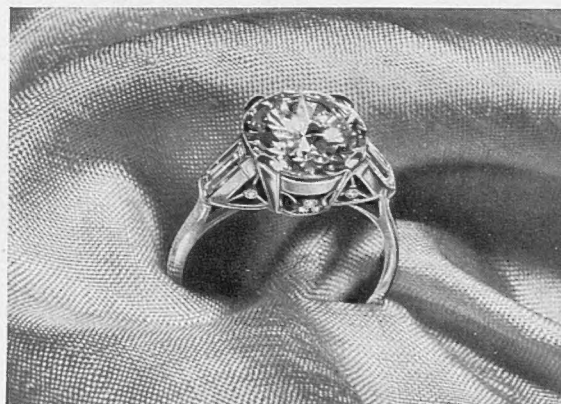
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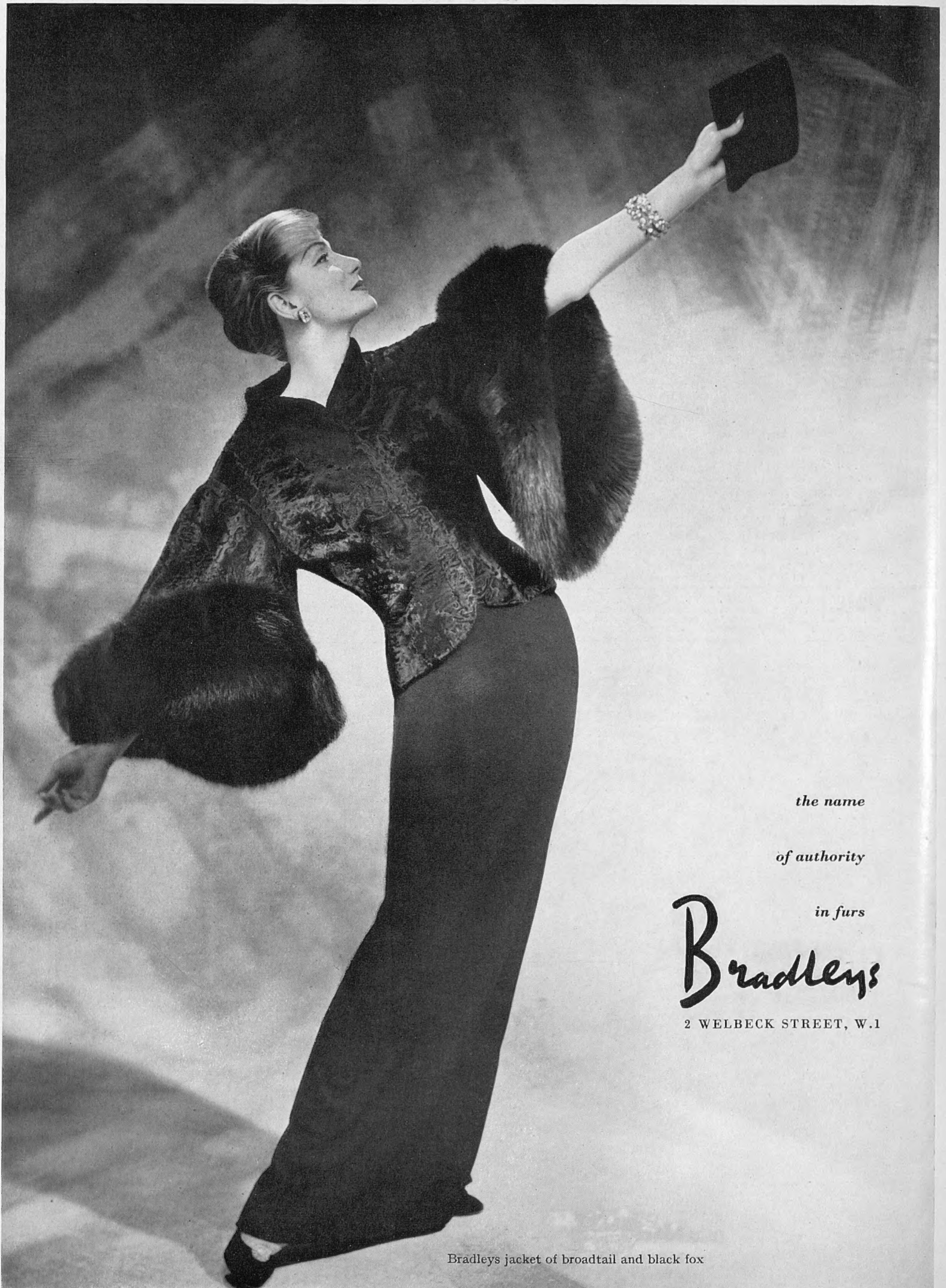
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Betty Swache

Lady Dormer and her two daughters

LADY DORMER is the wife of Lord Dormer, the fifteenth baron; they live at Grove Park, Warwick, and Kingston House, London, S.W.7. Formerly Lady Maureen Therese Josephine Noel, daughter of the fourth Earl of Gains-

borough, she is the sister of the present Earl. This photograph of Lady Dormer and her daughters, the Hon. Jane Dormer and the Hon. Catherine Dormer, was taken at Exton Hall, Lord Gainsborough's seat in Rutland

Social Journal

WEDDING OF THE SEASON

Jennifer

HAPPINESS, true affection and youth illuminated the marriage of Mr. Michael Pakenham, son of the late Major Dermot Pakenham and Mrs. Pembroke, and the Hon. Susan Lever, eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme. The ceremony took place in Chester Cathedral, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with large vases of yellow and white flowers. It was a memorable picture as the petite and radiant bride arrived with her father and stood for a moment silhouetted in the doorway of the Cathedral with brilliant sunshine behind her, while the choir and clergy, headed by the tall, good-looking Bishop of Chester, with the Dean of Chester and Canon F. S. Spackman, waited just in front, until the organ began to play the beautiful hymn "Love divine, all loves excelling," when they moved slowly and solemnly up the nave. It was a truly sincere and lovely service.

After the ceremony, which was attended by more than eight hundred guests, including tenants and many employees of both families, everyone motored, many in the very comfortable coaches chartered for the occasion, to Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme's home, Thornton Manor, for the reception. It was a brilliant idea that guests were received only by the bride and bridegroom, and not the parents too, as it accelerated the queue of guests, which never became very long, as at some London weddings recently. The young couple made another lovely picture as they stood receiving, with the bridesmaids grouped around them, in a small, red-carpeted marquee banked with vases of white lilac and rhododendrons, erected in the sweep of the drive outside the front door. The bride, who is only nineteen, was as usual always smiling and gay, and wore an exquisite dress of ivory satin cut on Victorian lines with old lace pleated on the skirt and a long train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a circlet of love-in-a-mist and orange blossom.

She was attended by four child bridesmaids, her sisters, the Hon. Victoria and the Hon. Jane Lever, her cousin Dawn Whetherly, and Carol Hebel, with ten older bridesmaids. They were the Hon. Susan Remnant, Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Caroline Dowding, Miss Serena Fass, Miss Anne Bevan, Miss Diana Dunn, Miss Patricia Knight, Miss Nemone Loring, Miss Alexandra Seely and Miss Joanna Hebel. They all wore most attractive dresses of pale peach-tinted net with sage green sashes. Mr. Jamie Illingworth was best man, and later proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom after they had cut their wedding cake in the ballroom.

LORD and Lady Leverhulme, the latter very attractive in blue, were going round greeting their friends, as were the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Pembroke, and his sister, Miss Susan Pakenham. The many beautiful wedding presents were displayed in one of the rooms. Among them I noticed an exquisite silver teaset from the farm tenants on the bride's father's estates, a magnificent breakfast heater from the estate employees, lovely salvers from the indoor and outdoor staffs at Thornton Manor and Blackdown, the bridegroom's home in Hampshire, and a lovely vase from the old pensioners of the bride's home.

It was such a beautiful summer's day that many guests went out on to the terraces and lawns of the magnificent gardens which have been so well laid out at Thornton, and it was a charming sight to see several hunters enjoying the very green grass and looking at the wedding party from the field beyond the ha-ha.

Among those I saw at the wedding were Lord Leverhulme's mother, Mrs. Selden Long, his sisters, the Hon. Elizabeth Lever, very busy with her cine-camera, and the Hon. Mrs. Tony Whetherly looking outstandingly attractive and chic in a blue wild silk dress and hat to match, accompanied by Lt.-Col. Whetherly, who was also taking shots with his cine-camera of the bride and bridegroom surrounded by friends in the sunshine on the lawns. Also Freda Countess Leverhulme, Mrs. David Evans, who is one of the bride's godmothers, Lord and Lady Heyworth, Lady Leverhulme's father Mr. John Moon, the Hon. Angus and Mrs. Campbell, the Dowager Lady Williams-Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bowring, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Hennessy accompanied by her younger daughter Susie, Mrs. Brian Conell back from her lovely home in Rhodesia for a visit, Col. and Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor, General Sir Julian Gascoigne, Col. and Mrs. William Pakenham, Col. and Mrs. William Pilkington and their daughter Verity-Anne with her fiancé Mr. Edward Hulse, who were announcing their engagement a few days later. The bride and bridegroom, although very youthful, have a very big circle of young friends; in fact I have never seen so many young people at a wedding. Among them I saw



Clayton Evans

MISS SHAN DAVIES is the daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Davies, the High Court Judge, and Lady Davies, who live at Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire. She was presented at Court in April this year

MISS FIONA SHEFFIELD is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. E. C. R. Sheffield, of Normanby Park, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire; she is a debutante this year and is to have a dance in the autumn



Lenave



Desmond O'Neill

THE ANGLO-SWEDISH BALL was attended by many leading personalities in the fields of diplomacy and literature, who dined at the top table where the British and Swedish flags were displayed. Above, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher who received the 150 guests



Mrs. and Mr. C. E. Kihlstedt
chatting with Lord Sempill

Lady Bruntisfield and Mme.
Hagglof at Claridge's



Mrs. Lawrence Robson and Mr.
and Mrs. R. D. Hamer

Mrs. Ulla Clogg, Miss Mary
Wood, Mr. Charles Morgan



the Hon. Robin Dixon, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Mr. Nicky Wynter, Mr. Euan Johnston who were among the large number of ushers in the Cathedral, Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg, Mr. John Adams and his younger sister Jill, Miss Joanna Poet, Mr. Michael MacLeod, Mr. Robie Uniacke, Mr. Richard Baker-Wilbraham whose parents were also there, Miss Mary Gold, and Miss Dawn Houghton just back from a visit to Australia. There was much cheering as the bride, wearing a light blue suit and little hat to match, and bridegroom drove off for their honeymoon in Italy. When they return they are going to live at the bridegroom's home, Blackdown, in Hampshire, where he farms.

★ ★ ★

HOWEVER many race meetings one may have attended, possibly in many parts of the world, there is always a great thrill in watching the Derby run at Epsom. This greatest of all classics was won this year by Sir Victor Sassoon's very fine horse Crepello, ridden by Lester Piggott, with the greatest of ease. The Queen, who had her horse Douteille running in the race, was there looking charming in a hyacinth blue grosgrain coat and dress. She was accompanied by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who all watched the racing from the Royal Box. Before the Derby they went down to see the horses in the paddock accompanied by the Earl of Rosebery, the Duke of Norfolk and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, all stewards at the meeting.

It is a custom that the Home Secretary has a private box at his disposal at this meeting, and Mr. "Rab" Butler, like his predecessors, entertained a party of friends including the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and Viscount and Viscountess Waverley. The former Home Secretary, now Viscount Tenby, and Viscountess Tenby were watching the racing in another box with Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, whose other guests that day included Viscount and Viscountess Gwynedd, Lord McGowan, Lord Mancroft, and Sir Miles and Lady Thomas. Other members of the family in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McAlpine. In other private boxes were Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, Mrs. E. N. Graham, Lord and Lady Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey, and M. and Mme. Marcel Boussac.

As the morning was cloudy, the sun only came through in the late afternoon and there was a cold wind, clothes on the whole were not very chic. In the Members' enclosure I saw the Duchess of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Manton hopeful for his brother's London Cry in the

Derby (it got badly left), and the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, the latter looking most attractive, and I think the best dressed woman present, in a clerical grey dress and jacket and little hat to match. Also here were the senior steward, Lord Howard de Walden, and his charming wife Lady Howard de Walden, making one of her rare appearances at a race meeting, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan and several members of their family, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Lord Stavordale, Lord Astor, who had Albergro running in the Derby, and Lady Mordaunt with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, the latter very pretty in navy blue.

I saw Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, the Hon. James and the Hon. Mrs. Philipps accompanied by their new daughter-in-law and their débutante daughter Daphne, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Lord and Lady Irwin, Mr. Nicko Collins who gave a very good party that week, Mr. and Mrs. Stavro Niarchos who had flown up from the South of France to see his Pipe of Peace run—he finished third in the Derby—and Mr. A. Crego-Bourne who helps to run the Epsom Meetings so efficiently.

AMONG the many others I saw enjoying this great day were Lady Marks, Lord and Lady Porchester, his father the Earl of Carnarvon, who looked very pleased at Crepello's success, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, Mrs. David Drummond, very pretty and chic, escorted by Mr. John Pares Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Evans Bevan, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, Mrs. Edward Slesinger and her son John, Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Elyn, the Hon. Robin Cayzer and his pretty wife, and Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., who gave an outstandingly good cocktail party in Derby week.

This took place in the penthouse of the Dorchester where, when you go out on the flower-bordered roof garden, you get such a wonderful view of most of London. Guests here included many friends from the racing and hunting world as well as followers of other sports and many with keen artistic interests. Major Cayzer, who is always an excellent host, is one of the three joint-Masters of the Warwickshire hounds, and has a delightful home in that county.

ON the eve of the Derby I went to a delightful little cocktail party given by Mrs. Graham at her luxurious Elizabeth Arden Salon in Bond Street, to which all the beauties of Europe find their way at one time or another! Mrs. Graham, who was over for a short visit, was accompanied by her very gay and charming sister the Vicomtesse de

[Continued overleaf]



A. V. Swaebe

The Marriage took place at the Brompton Oratory between Dr. Frederick Villeneuve Nicolle, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Nicolle, and Miss Helia Immaculada Stuart Walker, daughter of Mr. Edward Walker and Lady Mary Stuart-Walker. Above: The bride and bridegroom at the reception



Mr. C. Mosselmans, best man, and Miss Sally Churchill



Col. Wallace Cuninghame and Mrs. P. Telfer-Smollett



Miss Rachel Nicolle and Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort



The Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, Miss S. Rose (centre)

Maublanc. They were both, of course, at Epsom to see Mrs. Graham's Court Martial colt Tempest, winner of the Blue Riband Stakes at the spring meeting, run fourth in the Derby. Mrs. Graham, who trains in this country with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, races extensively in America, where she also has a fine stud.

From here I went on to Grosvenor Square where Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby were giving a Derby eve cocktail party in their beautiful flat. They are a wonderful host and hostess, and theirs is always one of the best and the gayest parties of the year.

I WENT down to Epsom again for Oaks day. What a memorable occasion it was on the famous downs, the Queen's leased filly Carrozza winning by a short head, giving Her Majesty her first classic race, and Noel Murless and Lester Piggott their third classic this season. One will always remember the cheering on both sides of the course as our beloved and radiant young Queen led in her winner.

The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret came down to the unsaddling enclosure. The Earl of Rosebery was there, also the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, who won the next race with Caperer, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Astor, and Mr. Peter Burrell who bred Carrozza at the National Stud.

After Epsom I flew from Croydon to Le Touquet, about which I will be writing next week.

★ ★ ★

MAJOR JIMMY DANCE, M.P., and his wife had kindly lent their house in Moreton Morrell for the Real Tennis Court dance, which was a very gay affair and went on until the early hours of the morning. A great personality there, staying until just before midnight, was Ted Johnson, one of the finest real tennis coaches in the world, accompanied by Mrs. Johnson. He has been professional at the Moreton Morrell court for over fifty years, and is still very active and efficient in spite of nearing eighty! He was delighted at the recent success of his son Albert, who is professional at the New York Rackets and Tennis Club. Albert Johnson has just won the World Tennis Championship title from James Dear of Queen's Club, the holder, defeating him in his home court at Queen's Club after a series of matches by seven sets to three. Ted Johnson himself challenged for this world title nearly fifty years ago, in 1908, but failed to beat that fine player "Punch" Fairs, who was world champion for a number of years.

The Hon. Morys Bruce, a good rackets and tennis player, was at the dance, also Mr. Peter Kershaw, Major Tommy Bouch who has for a great number of years played regularly in the Moreton Morrell court, Mr. Jack Britain Jones, another enthusiast, Mr. Anthony and Mr. Michael Pugh, and, of course, Major Dance, who plays when Parliamentary duties permit. He told me that exponents of this game have already responded well in subscribing to the fund he had opened on behalf of Ted Johnson, and there are sure to be more yet who will want to add their tribute; for those who are not sure of the address to which to send their cheques, here it is: Major Dance, M.P., Moreton House, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire.

It was so nice to see Mrs. Jean Garland there, introducing her daughter to Ted Johnson, as it was her American father the late Mr. Charles Garland who built the tennis court (of which there are less than twenty in this country) and installed Johnson as professional. Mrs. Garland, very chic and good looking in dark blue lace, came in Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke's party. Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes, who looked very pretty in a black polka dotted white organza dress, was chairman of the dance this year, and with Mrs. Dance, who looked most attractive in white, had organized it all beautifully.

Dancing took place in the long drawing-room, and there was a buffet in the large hall, where guests sat out as they did in the library. The harder ones also sat in the garden where a corner of the house and herbaceous border had been floodlit.

I SAW Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton and her sister Lady Ursula d'Abo, Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted, who brought a big party, as did Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, whose guests included her cousin the Duke of Atholl, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, and Mr. Peter Starkey, whose wife is happily making a good recovery from her bad hunting accident. I also met Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Levita, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan, Mr. Geoffrey Rootes and his brother Brian who was just off to Sweden, Norway and Denmark on a business trip, and his attractive wife, Major Philip Profumo, one of the joint-Masters of the Warwickshire hounds, with Miss Beryl Buckmaster, who was also present surrounded by friends.

Others there included the Hon. John and Mrs. Warrender, Sir John and Lady Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Barclay, Major and Mrs. Charles Holdsworth Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Ward, just back from a wonderful trip to Jamaica, and Mrs. Scott-Cockburn who gave, I heard, a very good party the following evening. Among the younger guests were Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham looking lovely and dancing with the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Miss Angela Dance, Miss Merle Ropner, Mr. Tom Craig, Lady Caroline and Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Miss Anne Holbech, Miss Sally Probert Jones, Miss Sally Hunter, and Mr. Alan Elliot, who is up at Christ Church and was dancing with Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes's very attractive daughter Miss Christa Slater, who makes her début next year.

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A NOTHER lovely wedding, this time in London, was the marriage of Dr. Frederick Villeneuve Nicolle, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Nicolle, and Miss Helia Stuart Walker, daughter of Mr. Edward Walker and Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, which took place at the Brompton Oratory, with the reception at 6 Belgrave Square. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked enchanting in a dress of white voile over taffeta, with a long square train falling from the waist. Her Brussels lace veil was held in place by an exquisite family tiara of diamonds and pearls. Her four bridesmaids, Miss Margot

Crichton-Stuart, Miss Rachel Nicolle, Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort and Miss Catriona MacLeod wore ballet length dresses of lavender wild silk, and small headdresses of white grosgrain. Lady Mary Stuart-Walker was very elegant in an apricot satin dress with large hat to match, trimmed with ospreys, while the bridegroom's mother looked charming in a violet coloured dress, with a little hat of soft Parma violets.

Guests on this happy occasion included the bride's sister Baroness Christian von Oppenheim and her husband, her cousins the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, whose two little daughters in their pram, like Baroness von Oppenheim's baby girl, came to see the bride and bridegroom's friends going into the reception. The Dowager Marchioness of Bute was there and her pretty teenage daughter Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart, also Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney, with their son and daughter Ronald and Richenda, Col. and Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, the latter very pretty and wearing a cartwheel straw hat, and her mother Myra Lady Fox, whose stepfather Lord Huntingfield was also there.

Mr. Peregrine Bertie, who was one of the ushers, had just returned from a gay weekend in Paris where he had been to the ball given by Baronne de Waldner for her débutante daughter Elienne. Other young friends at the wedding included Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Ruairaidh Hilleary, Miss Sarah Rose, Mr. Mark and Lady Arabella Boxer, and Miss Karina Boyle. When they return from their honeymoon the bride and bridegroom are going to make their home in Montreal, where he is practising as a doctor.

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AFTER the Derby I went to the first night of the very amusing comedy *Dear Delinquent* at the Westminster Theatre, which, in spite of being rather tired, I enjoyed immensely. David Tomlinson is excellent in the male lead opposite Anna Massey, who has a very big part which she plays delightfully. The play, which should give theatregoers a lot of joy and amusement for many months, got a big reception on the opening night. In the audience I saw Anna's stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whitney, Baroness Ravensdale, Lady Millicent Fyfe, and Mr. Noël Coward accompanied by Miss Gladys Calthorp. Young people included Miss Alicia Cooke and her fiancé Mr. Ray Carter, Miss Charlotte Kleinwort and Miss Jennifer Anderson, with two escorts.

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THE British-American Ball is to take place at the Dorchester on June 25 in aid of British-American Association (founded in 1931). The Presidents are the American Ambassador and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, and the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. Dorothy Lady Hulse is chairman, with the Countess of Coventry vice-chairman, and Mrs. Warren Pearl deputy vice-chairman. Tickets may be obtained from the chairman, British-American Ball, 7 Culross Street, W.1.

Princess Margaret, President of the Dockland Settlements and Falmouth Clubs, is going to attend the Summer Ball in aid of this good cause, on June 27 at the Savoy. It is being organized by a committee headed by Mrs. Alan Selborne as chairman, and tickets may be obtained from her at 82 Park Street, W.1.

Lady Mary Burghley is the chairman and the Hon. Mrs. Morys is vice-chairman of a Children's Dancing Matinée by pupils of Miss Dorice Stainer, to be given at the Scala Theatre on July 16. Tickets for the matinée from Mrs. Wheeler, 38 Chester Square, S.W.1.

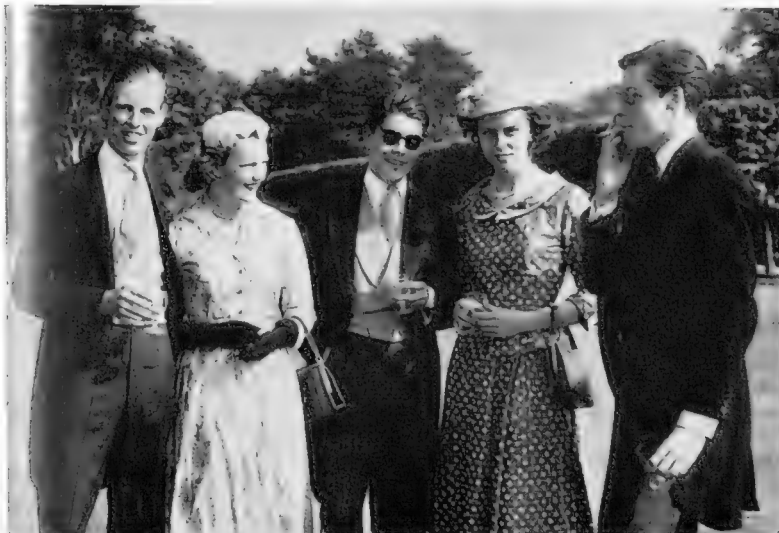


Cyril Lindley

The Hon. Susan Lever, eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme, married Mr. Michael Pakenham, son of the late Major Dermot Pakenham, and of Mrs. Pembroke, at Chester Cathedral. Above: The bride and bridegroom at the reception at Thornton Manor



Miss Susan Pakenham, Miss Carol and Miss Joanna Hebler, and Mr. Roland Hebler



Mr. J. Alston-Roberts-West, Miss P. Kemp-Welch, Mr. R. Uniacke, Miss A. Mostyn-Owen, Mr. M. MacKinley MacLeod



Major and Mr. V. Seely and the Hon. Mrs. Angus Campbell



Miss L. Spencer Paterson, Miss S. Ivory, the Hon. R. Dixon



The TATLER and Bystander,
624 JUNE 19, 1957

Lewis Hoad (left), winner of the Wimbledon Men's singles and likely victor again this year, seen in action at Queen's Club, London, and (right) Miss Althea Gibson, favourite for the ladies' honours



THE LINE-UP FOR A ROYAL WIMBLEDON

ADDED lustre attaches to this year's Wimbledon fortnight, which begins on Monday, by the fact that the Queen is to pay her first visit to the All England Club. Prince Philip has been there more than once already, and he too intends to be present on Finals Day, July 6, when, no doubt, Her Majesty will present the Challenge Trophy to the winner of the ladies' singles event. What a marvellous added incentive to those English girls who, for the first time since the war, seem to have a reasonable chance!

The decade is over when it was accepted as automatic that the four women semi-finalists would be Americans—there was only one exception in the ten years. Their successes became, perhaps, a trifle monotonous; but they played magnificent lawn tennis. By comparison with the standards they, as a whole, set, victory this year will be almost equivalent to winning a poker hand with two pairs.

Three of last year's quarter-finalists are missing this time. Miss Shirley Fry, the winner, is now married and living in Australia. Mrs. Beverly Fleitz, who looked certain to be champion until awareness of pregnancy caused her sudden retirement, is nursing her baby; and Miss Angela Buxton, the losing finalist, is suffering from a severe wrist inflammation.

But who is likely to receive the trophy from the Queen? The firm favourite is Miss Althea Gibson, the Negro girl from Harlem, fighting with missionary zeal for the honour of the coloured peoples. Her training during the last nine months has been dedicated to the one goal of winning Wimbledon, and her chance of succeeding is obvious. Who is to beat her, if not her own nerves and explosive temper?

OUR hopes of frustrating a fourteenth successive U.S. victory rest on three girls. Miss Angela Mortimer has won four of her five meetings with Miss Gibson, but her chances now have been impaired by a serious illness throughout the winter with a recurrence last month. Miss Shirley Bloomer is our most consistent player this season, with a string of important Continental successes to her credit and with a calculating control in a match crisis that is not evident in Miss Pat Ward, brilliant at times but sadly erratic. None of the three can be certain of beating Miss Louise Brough although, at thirty-four, her game is far past its sensational best.

The five named remain from last year's quarter-finalists, and among them almost certainly is this year's winner. Miss Gibson has the strokes, the power and the determination, and if she can control her temperament and overcome the tension of the Centre Court, I think she will achieve her goal

Thinking of the future, do look out in the earlier rounds for our three teenagers, Christine Truman, Ann Haydon and Sheila Armstrong, potentially the world's best national team. And bet your life they will be watching with the sharpest interest Miss Mimi Arnold of America!

If the Wimbledon clock could be moved back to the days when the reigning champion played only a challenge round, few would doubt Lewis Hoad's ability to emerge again as the world's best amateur. He is—on strokes and power and performance. He may well become one of the game's all-time "greats." But Hoad is only twenty-two and he has frequently shown—far too frequently for the peace of mind of his many admirers—an inability to control his mind as expertly as he controls his muscles. He becomes careless and wild, and loses matches he should comfortably win.

There are half a dozen men who know they can beat him in his wayward mood and who calculate that in any round before the final they have a 50-50 chance of finding him vulnerable.

HIS two young compatriots and Davis Cup team-mates, Ashley Cooper and Neale Fraser, hold no man in the world in undue awe. Cooper is champion of Australia at nineteen. Fraser beat Hoad in four sets in the semi-final but lost to Cooper in the final. Neither man, nor any of the other young Australians like Gibson, will carry defeatism in his bag to Wimbledon on Monday.

Kurt Nielsen, the far-from-gloomy Dane who has twice been a surprising, if not surprised, actor in the final scene, has declared his firm intention to win this year. Like a classic racehorse he has been training for the course and the day. And if the draw (which has not been made as I write) does not put too great a strain on his consistency he could succeed if Hoad fails.

Three former champions are in the lists, Patty, Seixas and Drobny, but here the handicaps of age may outweigh the benefits of vast experience. Drobny, the senior of the three at 35½, had never lost a match to Hoad until a month ago.

There could be early upsets from Davidson and Schmidt of Sweden; from Mexico's Davis Cup pair, Llamas and Contreras; from the volatile Pietrangeli, the champion of Italy; and perhaps from Richardson, America's first string, unless the preoccupations of his last term at Oxford have interfered with his preparations.

Yet no challenger has the power or stroke equipment to match Hoad when his eye is in and his body free from aches and pains. If he loses he will have beaten himself.



Miss Shirley Bloomer, one of Britain's three great hopes

—Frank Shaw



The scene in the paddock as the Derby runners were saddled

Lord Howard de Walden and Mrs. E. Forster

The Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan



Mr. W. W. B. Scott and his daughter Miss Maxine Scott



Mrs. John Ward with H.E. the Spanish Ambassador



AN EXCITING DERBY DAY

H.M. THE QUEEN, whose horse *Doutelle* was among the runners, was escorted to the paddock by the Duke of Norfolk (above) before the Derby race



*Sir Victor Sassoon leading in his horse *Crepello*, the Derby winner, ridden by Lester Piggott, and trained by Mr. Noel Murless*

THE EDWARDIAN SPA AND ITS SURVIVING CHARM



ROYALTY TAKES THE WATERS. This photograph of Queen Victoria and many royal relations was taken at Baden-Baden in 1890; she and her family paid many visits to this spa between 1885 and 1895. The Queen is seen in the foreground with Kaiser Wilhelm II on her right and Empress Friedrich, formerly Princess Royal of England, on her left. Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, is at the far left of the second row from the top. Behind the Kaiser stands Czar Nicolas of Russia with the Czarina on his left. This assembly of members of the closely interwoven British, Prussian and Russian royal houses shows another facet of that era—the almost sacred importance of the family. This fascinating and evocative picture is reproduced by courtesy of the Spa Association of Baden-Baden



TAKING the cure" is a phrase ambient with overtones which, if not precisely romantic, set the heart glowing with delicate regrets that one was born just too late for so inimitable a social experience. For once upon a time, and not so long ago, a visit to Aix-les-Bains or Baden-Baden, to Evian or Aix-les-Thermes in the season was as much a social convention as a physical necessity.

The Edwardians and late-Victorians were confirmed spa-goers. In their day not to be seen in the spa during the season called for—and got—social ostracism. Your absence might indicate that your constitution was no longer in need of the work-out of such a regimen. This in turn gave rise to the suspicion that your standard of living was not, perhaps, as high as before. Possibly business wasn't prospering? And that, to the Victorians whose god was money, had the terrible sound of apostasy.

For in those far-off, happy days, the British were spa-visitors *par excellence*. Royalty graced many of the places. Edward VII, perhaps not unnaturally, frequented these spas—Marienbad, Homburg, Baden-Baden and many other resorts basked in his presence. Queen Victoria, too, tried their efficacy. Nor was she alone as this splendid period photograph so delightfully illustrates. And in their thousands, with money in their pockets, the British strolled the *rues* and *places*. If they were not the proved owners of all they surveyed, their unmistakable arrogance made physical possession somewhat *de trop*. English was the second tongue of all self-respecting, thriving watering places; the English pound the sun around which other coins and their owners made their orbit. For the British this rich currency, with its extravagant pleasures, brought much discomfort and anguish. Stomach, liver, kidneys and other over-worked organs simply could not stand the strain. So for a change of habit, to sample different ways of life (and food and wines), and to find some relief, the British fled abroad to undergo the rigours of spa discipline.

AUSTERITY and the drop in the pound have depleted their ranks shamefully until a quorum no longer exists. Yet a habit once formed is not easy for an Englishman to break. After all, liver complaints are not, for the doctor, what they were, other troubles continue to exist. The British Islanders are notorious for their bronchial complaints, French actors remarking, cynically, that it is a disease acquired in our theatres. Ironically, it is *their* spas, particularly those in the Auvergne, which specialize in the alleviation of such complaints. Less spectacularly, and lacking a little the cachet once bestowed by the social celebrities, these towns still hum along during the season. Here you will find that your spa visitor is provided with a full round of entertainments that are agreeable, leisurely and charming. Golf, casinos, delightful French formal gardens which are the equal, and more than so, of English gardens, quiet and shady walks, tennis, fishing, bridge (every spa has its hard core of devotees with, generally, most comfortable premises to indulge their game in)—everything is provided which makes a stay a constant succession of small pleasures. Usually, too, there are tea-rooms, dispensing *le five o'clock* for the thirsty British. The very Frenchness of such an English custom invokes amusement. The towns themselves, you will find, are full of quaint, curious interest, and a flavour that few other places possess.

Bigger resorts, Vichy, Aix-les-Bains, Biarritz, have inevitably acquired more international mannerisms. It is the smaller watering places which struck me as holding within their precincts a certain timelessness. Here it is easier to reflect and believe that the Roman legionaries, footsore and weary, perhaps with rheumatism and twinges after those nights (with elephants, wasn't it?) in the Alps, also tried to regain their health in the natural mineral

ANTHONY CRASK writes of the hey-day of Europe's watering-places, and of the pleasures, nostalgic and otherwise, which these spas still offer the visitor. This *fin-de-siecle* aura is typified in the drawing (right) of the Trinkhalle and Spa at Homburg, of that fame

waters that bubble in these French mountains like soda from a soda fountain. Certainly as you sit of an afternoon, your feet immersed in the prescribed footbath, reading Proust or Stanley Weyman, you become aware of the *fin-de-siecle* radiance which the sybaritic, autocratic, self-indulgent Edwardian seems to have endowed the town with. The sun filters gently through, the flies buzz less stridently than before; conversation ebbs rather than flows, and in well-bred undemonstrative monosyllables, of course.

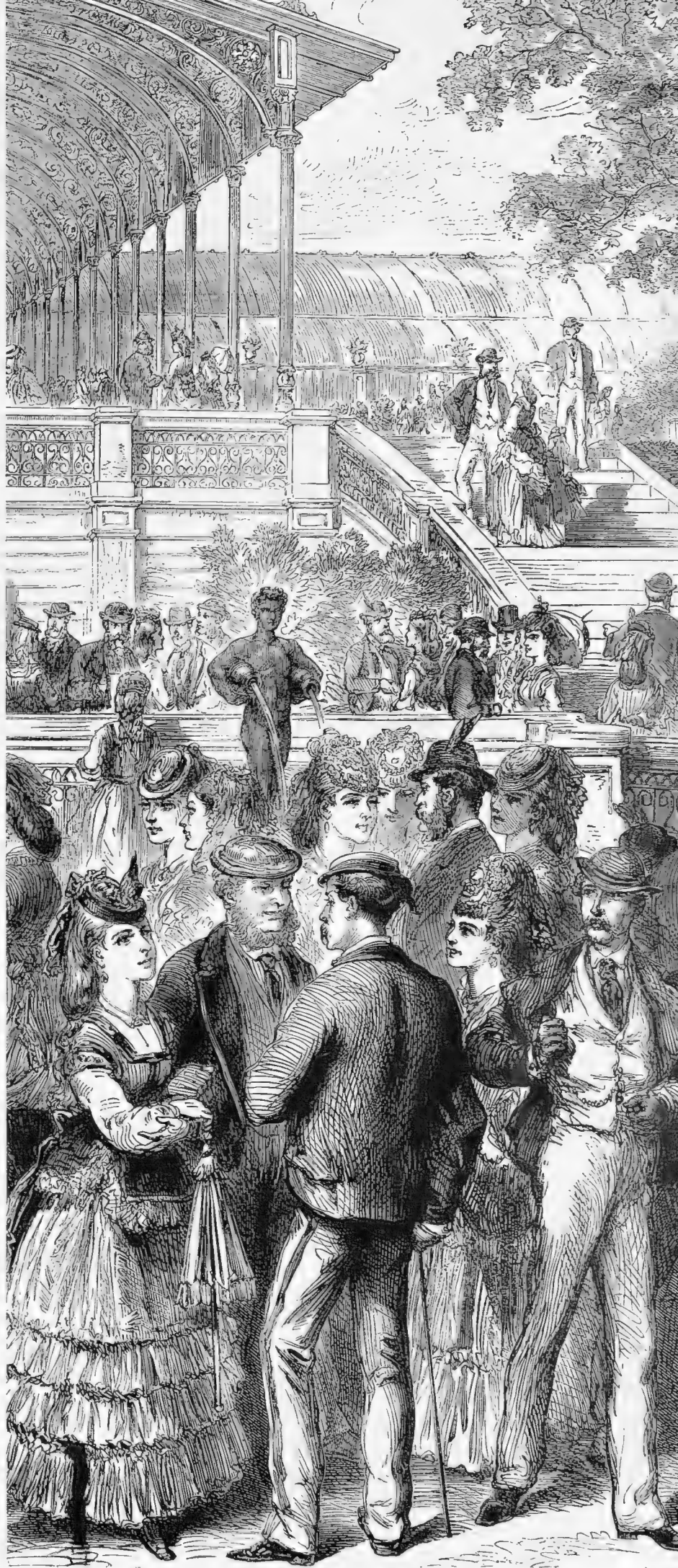
And to take the cure is like living a dream, or a nightmare, depending on your outlook. You actually *do* drink the waters, and they are every bit as foul and sulphurous as the worst descriptions make out, far more disagreeable than the most unpalatable medicines. You gargle, and spray your nose and throat with pure gas; you are dried like a kipper by a chandelier dispersing a curious dry steam; and sprayed with hot water from a pressure hose by a bikini-clad attendant who looks like a farm-hand and turns out to be a tractor-driver. (Everybody has two jobs in the season: the French don't let a chance to make extra money slip away!) You spend hours in the murky depths of the hot steam rooms where corpulent colonels, victims of hot curries and Bombay duck, loom out of the gloom like rogue tugs on the razee in a confined harbour; you have your foot-baths; and again and again you quaff the waters.

QUE as intriguing as the natural water's flavour is the style of the thermal establishment architecture. A first startled glance gives the surprising impression of English Victorian Gothic made both lighter in form, and deadlier in feeling, by the religious survival in France. But the mass of blue, ochre and gold paint, and the highly coloured and grandiosely schemed mosaics that cover the floors and swarm up the walls and pillars, hint at the glories of the Renaissance, albeit that 1935 was the actual year of creation.

Broquetry flourishes wildly. The main vestibule, with its central fountain for gargling, is like an Italian piazza. The upper hall is definitely Indian Temple. Long, bare, silent, it culminates in a steep flight of formal steps leading up to another fountain as though to an important Goddess. Indeed, in a sense, that is precisely what it does do, for the *Grande Dame* in charge is as formidable as the most exacting of deities.

To display great bouts of conscience-stricken sympathy for these people is, I found, a misguided waste of a valuable commodity, in short enough supply as it is. The truth is spa visitors love these two and three weeks sojourns. There is nothing wrong with the life, and the cure peps them up for the rest of the year. And if it doesn't they are none of them loath to have a go at another spa. Many, in any case, do travel from one watering place to another, resting barely a week, often, between courses. Sometimes it seemed to me that the entire lives of these people were nothing but a hectic round of spa-going. Me, I hadn't the stamina; this often raised eyebrows in astonishment from the hale and hearty Frenchwoman tucking, with the most exhilarating appetite, into the good and plentiful fare which every spa hotel provides.

Spa hotels know that there is nothing like a rigorous cure regimen to work-up an appetite. Furthermore, they are keenly aware of the competition. As a charmingly well-fed French woman at an Auvergne spa said to me, "Sometimes the food upsets my liver—*le foie gras aux echalotes*, which is, I find, *tres agreable*, I think it is. So next I go to Biarritz. Oh, I know Vichy is nearer, but I prefer a change of diet!" If you won't be cured, obviously it is better to suffer as comfortably as possible.





A SALON IN THE CARPATHIAN EMBASSY, designed by Roger Furse for *The Prince And The Showgirl*. This witty period piece, adapted from Terence Rattigan's play *The Sleeping Prince*, has its European premiere at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, next Tuesday, June 25. Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the Regent of Carpathia, a mythical and unsettled Balkan state, also produced and directed the film. Opposite him, Marilyn Monroe portrays an American showgirl who finds herself caught up in a web of royal intrigue and romance

Roundabout

THE GREAT DAYS OF SADLER'S WELLS-ON-SEA

PEOPLE get the cultural amenities they deserve, so I suppose it's our own fault that Sadler's Wells has had to announce that it can't afford any more new operatic productions for at least a year.

What rather rubs it in is the news from Germany, at the same time, of more than one splendid new opera house. During the past couple of years I have paid various visits to watch the one at Cologne being built, and a very exciting piece of architecture it is, too.

Not that the German opera houses—or even the great theatres of Italy, come to that—subsist on what they take at the box office. But in most European countries, and particularly in Germany and in Italy, governments and local authorities may spend money on the arts without howls of rage and anguish from taxpayers, ratepayers and the popular press. Which is what I mean by people getting the cultural amenities they deserve—or, as with us, *not* getting what they *don't* deserve.

SADLER'S WELLS Theatre is used to the ups and downs of fortune, mind you, having been, and all within living memory, a skating-rink, a boxing-ring, and an empty derelict.

There was a time—and I write with a neighbour's interest—when the water of the New River, which runs in conduits under the very street in which I write, was piped to the theatre for its "Aquatic Dramas," in which, the encyclopaedia tells me, boats floated, naval battles took place, heroines were rescued by heroes, and children by Newfoundland dogs. "Hydraulical features of an amusing and fanciful kind," is the well-earned phrase in a contemporary guide to Islington and Pentonville; no wonder that it could be written in those days that "they excite much interest among foreigners."

The problem these days at Sadler's Wells is for ballet and the opera to excite a little more interest among the natives.

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MAN-MADE fibres, and the uses they are put to, must have caused something of a domestic revolution in the past couple of years. What I should like to know, though, is not so much their effect on the kind of clothes we wear, and how they are laundered—I can discover that for myself—but what is going to happen to the primary producers of the traditional textile stuffs.

Will sheep go on being bred for wool, or will we ignore their fleeces to concentrate on cutlets? Are mulberry trees still planted, for silkworms to feed upon? And what about the cotton fields of the Old South, and the songs that were sung there, and the stories that were told?

An imaginative small boy, once upon a time, could put on his flannel trousers, his cotton shirt, and his silk tie, of a morning, and see in his mind's eye, as he did so, the great sheep farms of Australia, and the long-limbed horsemen riding over them; the plantations of the Mississippi, and the bales being humped on the levees; and even the Great Wall of China. What does a boy see nowadays? Test-tubes in a lab.

★ ★ ★

WE came back, the other day, from a windswept weekend on the Suffolk coast, with a couple of pair of Aldeburgh-cured bloaters, which we ate grilled for our supper, with new potatoes and a salad—a delicious meal, that cost us every penny of sevenpence ha'penny each.



Even the cat was pleased. Having been frightened almost out of his fur by the North Sea wind, which bent his ears, flattened his coat and swept his whiskers back, he now found consolation in crisp skin and a tasty fish-tail or so.

What I wondered about, as I tucked in, was why it is that bloaters, more even than kippers, are considered so plebeian a dish. One can eat kippers for one's breakfast, the convention goes, if not for any other meal. Bloaters, I gather, are *infra* almost everybody's *dig*, and at any meal at all. And this although bloaters are both more delicate and more expensive than kippers.

I remember how, during the wartime rationing of meat and eggs, my ancient housekeeper complained that it wasn't even as if fish were easy to get, either: turbot and halibut were very hard to come by. So I suggested grilled herrings with mustard sauce for my dinner, only to be told, reprovingly, that a gentleman couldn't eat herrings for his *dinner*. "Would you eat them for your own dinner?" I asked. Oh yes, but that was another matter: *she* could eat them for dinner, but I could eat them only for my breakfast.

HITLER succeeded where I failed. The war continued, and I had my herrings. The ludicrous thing was that corned beef and its relations should have been regarded as being more genteel.

Now, though, the ancient shibboleths are restored. I enjoyed my bloaters the other evening, but I should have to think twice before I offered the same dish even to a friend for supper.

I have seen it stated, in Dorothy Hartley's vast and remarkable compendium on *Food In England*—an encyclopaedia of social history, if ever there was one—that red herrings, which are an especially salty kind of bloater, are particularly favoured by artists. And she quotes Kipling in her support. I am ready to take her word for it, but why it should be so, I don't know—nor, it seems, does she.



BRIGGS



by Graham

CATHEDRALS

These have marched with towering Fame
Through times like enemy ranks, and these we see
Almost the same
In their urgency
As some folks did, admiring niche and nave,
Where now they keep an immemorial grave.

Wonder-working Lord!
Wonderful even were this his one full chord.
These are the starships, and still float
Through dark centuries, tides remote.
Storms that roared
When our king oaks looked barley spears
Merely convoyed them across the surging years.

—Edmund Blunden

Because they raise a thirst? I have yet to meet an artist who needed any help in that direction. I am inclined to think that it is merely because red herrings, like bangers over a gas ring, are easy to cook, and need no seasoning: off the pan and on to the plate, and there you are.

There are moments when the brush or the pen is running well, and although the body needs sustenance, the shorter the interruption—to make a sauce, or even to lay a table—the better.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY I read somewhere that the race of crocodiles is in danger of extinction. I must say that I am not disposed to shed tears over their fate—not even crocodile tears. Crocodiles, and their cousins the alligators, are not particularly handsome brutes, and I suppose that the ladies who affect handbags and fitted dressing-cases of crocodile-hide could somehow manage without. I once had a pair of crocodile shoes made for me in Nairobi, by an Indian bootmaker, and they were never comfortable. So it may be that I am prejudiced.

And yet, if these giant reptiles—descendants of the dinosaur, no less—had never existed, the world would have been the poorer. How could we have described, in one word, a line of schoolgirls being taken for a walk? How could we have answered, "See you later, alligator!" Or how elicited, "In a while, crocodile!"

Which reminds me to warn any would-be polyglot among my readers that "*A tout à l'heure, alligateur!*" is not, as some people have been putting it about, the authentic Parisian catch-phrase: the French for alligator is *alligator*, alas.

—Cyril Ray

A DANCE IN MAYFAIR FOR TWO DEBUTANTES

CLARIDGE's was the setting (writes Jennifer) when Mrs. Edward Barford and Mrs. Andrew Lusk gave a dance for their daughters Miss Sarah Johnstone and Miss Sally Hunter. The two girls, who are both attractive with outstandingly good manners, looked enchanting in their long crinoline dresses; Sarah in a lovely china blue, and Sally in a soft yellow. This colour scheme was carried out in some of the floral decorations, which were also cleverly lit. The long suite of reception rooms were all used for the occasion and dancing took place not only in the ballroom, but in the end room where a small band played, lighting was dimmed, and chairs and small tables had been arranged around the little dance floor.

Nearly forty friends of the two hostesses kindly gave dinner parties for the dance, which was a gay and youthful affair, and happily never seemed to get too hot and overcrowded; and arrangements were such that the few older guests were really able to see the girls and their lovely dresses to advantage. To mention only a few of the girls, Miss Susan Wills looked enchanting in a shaded pink and white gauged organza dress, Lady Mary Maitland was in blue, and Miss Patricia Rawlings in a pretty white dress. Miss Daphne Fairbanks who was to have had her coming-out dance last night (June 18) was there, and I also saw Miss Sarah Legard dancing with the Earl of Brecknock, and Miss Dominie Riley Smith (who really makes her début next year) dancing with Mr. Anthony Severne. She wore a circlet of pearls in her hair, with a white satin dress.

I noticed Miss Juliet Anderson, Miss Jennifer Daw, Miss Clarissa Caccia, looking sweet in pink, Miss Henrietta Tiarks, Miss Diana Goodhart, very pretty in an exquisite blue tulle and organza dress, Miss Joanna Hirsch, Miss Sheila Fordyce, Miss Katherine Sachs, Miss Margaret Ann Walker, Miss Merle Ropner, Miss Marina Kennedy, and Miss Julia Williamson as usual vivacious and gay, and often amusing her partner with some small anecdote. Mr. Edward Barford, who might justly be called the doyen of débutante fathers and stepfathers, and Mr. Andrew Lusk, were both present to help their wives. There were plenty of young men, who all seemed to be dancing, and at no time did I see any young girls standing or sitting about waiting to be invited to dance for more than a moment.

*Mlle. Muriel Verdier from Paris in conversation with
Mr. Peter Garlick*



Miss Sally Hunter and Miss Sarah Johnstone, the two

*Miss Jessica Wilson was being partnered
by Mr. Neil Maconochie*





debutant, for whom the dance was given

A. V. Swaebe

Miss Clare March and Mr. Neil Sclater-Booth were guests



Miss Carol Martineau was here with Mr. Charles Benson



Miss Susan Shafto and Mr. Donald Birgs



Mr. Peter Nutting and Miss Sarah Legard

Mr. Richard Sachs in conversation with Miss Mary Vere-Laurie



Miss Edwina Sandys partnered by Mr. Anthony Everard in a quickstep



Miss Joan Lawton dancing one of the numbers with Mr. Michael Morse





PREPARING FOR THE QUEEN'S COMING VISIT TO JERSEY

ADMIRAL SIR GRESHAM NICHOLSON, K.B.E., who has been the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Jersey since 1953, and Lady Nicholson are busy preparing to receive Her Majesty the Queen who is to visit the island on July 25. Her Majesty will arrive in the Royal Yacht Britannia to fulfil a packed programme of visits and engagements, including an informal tea-party at Government House, St. Helier. The Channel Islands, attached to the Crown of England since the Norman Conquest, were originally part of the ancient Dukedom of Normandy

Priscilla in Paris

SATURDAY ON THE ROUTE NATIONALE

IF one tells the new maid to be very careful when she is dusting a greatly prized treasure one can be sure that, from sheer nervousness rather than cussedness, it will be the first thing she breaks.

Acting on this belief to avoid all breakage, today being the official, annual, non-accident Saturday, I keep off the road! It is tempting Providence—to say nothing of assuming divine prerogatives to which we have no right—to decree that on a certain date accidents on the highway must not occur. Certainly everything has been done, so far as it is humanly possible, to minimize all danger. Wise words have been published in tract form and cast before the multitudes; *brave gendarmes* lurk just around every corner—not to issue tickets, bless 'em, but to advise, guard and protect—while first-aid tents, like mushrooms in the autumn, have sprung up overnight. . . .

BUT everything, like patriotism, is not enough. There will always be misguided (euphemism for “pig-headed”) drivers and jaywalkers to justify the *gendarmes*. Supposing also that, by miracle, drivers and walkers do not oblige? What about the *gendarmes* themselves in their hot, heavy uniforms and hard, uncomfortable *képis*, wilting under the midday sun and dying of sunstroke? Quite definitely, non-accident Saturday scares me. I prefer my quiet and shady balcony, a recumbent position and . . . André Maurois's *Les Trois Dumas*.

Of the many fine biographies the Master has written, this 499-page history of the hectic lives of the three Dumas—grandfather, father and son—is the most exciting. I do not know whether the adolescents of today still read *The Three Musketeers* and thrill over d'Artagnan's dashing exploits and Miladi's vamping as did those of my generation. They surely will do so as they discover, thanks to M. Maurois, how spectacular were the lives not only of both father and son but also of grandpapa Dumas, who was one of Napoleon's generals.

THE well-known portrait painter, Jean-Gabriel Domergue, has been named curator of the little known Jacquemart-André museum that is to be found at 158 boulevard Haussmann. Jean-Gabriel, as he is always called, has specialized in painting modern lovelies who are so slim and sinuous that if they accidentally swallowed a cherry stone it would show and thus break the perfect line of their silhouette. His lovely flat in Paris and very beautiful house with its terraced garden, above Cannes, full of



GHISLAINE ARSAC is seen as she appears in “French Models”; this film, starring Madeleine Robinson and Ivan Desny, will come to London in the next few months

magnificent pieces of period furniture, are private museums in which a somewhat flamboyant note of Italian Renaissance predominates. It was rather a surprise to find that he opens his reign as curator with an exhibition of pictures, décor, costumes and furniture of the Second Empire. All so charming, of course, but a little stodgy. Winterhalter's lovelies reveal exquisite shoulders, but their crinolines could hide carloads of cherry stones.

This exhibition is open till 8 p.m. which is pleasant now that the long, summer days are here.

PLEASANT also that the Pavillon d'Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne is open again. All done up with paint, plaster, pilasters and striped awnings and covered with trellis-work which makes it look rather like an immense Valentine. There are new dancing floors and one may dance in the garden. Maurice Chevalier, who never misses a party nowadays, was at the opening. I also saw the very charming and witty Mme. Gilbert Jules, the wife of France's minister for . . . well, I am not quite sure of which ministry at time of writing, but since *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* in this lovely land it is probably still the Home Office.

Michel Simon was also present and was being congratulated for his success in Sacha Guitry's recent film *Les Trois Font La Paire*. When Sacha wisely refrains from going all historical (*Si Versailles . . .* and *Napoleon* of regrettable memory) and is simply content to be the witty storyteller who has entertained the world for half a century, he cannot be surpassed. That he has been a very sick man for many months now, unable to leave his bed or invalid chair, also arouses admiration for his courage.

L'age des miracles

- From a French advertisement for chewing gum: “A sedative that is not a drug! A drink that is not liquid! Dentifrice without a brush!!!”





"DEAR DELINQUENT" (Westminster Theatre). David Warren, a bewildered Wodehouse-type hero, played by David Tomlinson (left), finds himself out of his depth when a perky thief, Penelope Shawn (Anna Massey), breaks into his flat and proceeds to endanger his respectability and his love-life. Laurence Hardy (centre right), as the delinquent's burglarious father, pits his wits against wily businessman Sir George Martin (Aubrey Dexter, far right). Below: Patrick Cargill as the valet. Drawings by Glan Williams

At the Theatre

CHARM OF THE UNPRETENTIOUS

Anthony Cookman



SOME of the most articulate of the theatre's present-day champions are angry young men or, it may be, middle-aged men who enjoy feeling young and angry. They are stimulating and amusing writers. Playwrights are bidden by them never for a moment to cease from mental strife until they have built a sort of Paris in London's green and backward streets and to spend twenty-three out of every twenty-four hours pondering the horror of the human dilemma. The influence of these critics will no doubt be good for the future of the English drama, but they are apt to come down hard, unfairly hard, I think, on a comedy like *Dear Delinquent* which has dared to show its blandly foolish face at the Westminster.

For the truth is that this utterly unimportant piece is often very funny. Mr. Jack Popplewell is not one of those authors who give the impression of having soaked themselves in the English dramatic tradition and become determined by hook or crook to give the whole thing a great shove forward. It is quite possible that he has not yet been told the terrible news about the inescapable human dilemma. But he knows a bit about Shaw, he has certainly studied *The White Sheep Of The Family* that Ian Hay wrote in collaboration with Mr. L. Du Garde Peach, and he is absolutely sound on his Wodehouse. Like Homer, "Wot 'e thinks 'e may require —'e takes," but his borrowings are so easy to identify and he makes them with so much good humour that nobody could possibly object.

THE silly-ass comedy is supposed to have gone stale between the wars, but so long as society continues to produce silly asses comedies about them will appear and undemanding playgoers will go on enjoying them. *Dear Delinquent* has the advantage of Mr. David Tomlinson as its hero, and Mr. Tomlinson is as near the stage equivalent to Bertie Wooster as can be imagined. He is quite helpless and except at moments of misplaced confidence every remark he achieves suggests that he is merely playing for time till his valet appears with a bright idea. Mr. Tomlinson, in this comedy, finds a pretty girl burgling his flat, and he is much taken aback when the girl, who is Miss Anna Massey with a débutante's mincing manner, explains that she is a burglar not only by profession but by heredity. She is proudly carrying on a family tradition handed down through a long line of distinguished burglars.

Mr. Tomlinson is torn between admiration and moral reprehension. As one who has lost one good job after another he can but admire a girl who can stick successfully to her chosen work, but as a good citizen he thinks it his duty to make an honest woman of her.

HIS moral eloquence is amazingly effective, and he altogether fails to notice that the girl burglar has fallen head over heels in love with him. This comes hard on his haughty fiancée. The reformed burglar turns into a most pertinacious husband hunter, and if the haughty fiancée were not such a bad-tempered party we should become very sorry for her as her ruthless persecution gets under way.

A case of stolen jewels passing from hand to hand, an extraordinarily easy-going detective, and a blarneying Irish father who tries to save a daughter with larceny in the blood from the degradation of bourgeois respectability are all neatly arranged elements in an evening of simple surprises which I personally found quite entertaining. Mr. Laurence Hardy as the topsy-turvy Irish moralist, Miss Joan Haythorne as a dry Mayfair mama, Mr. Aubrey Dexter as a bullying business man who has a wicked delight in his bullying ways, are all good, and Mr. Tomlinson and Miss Massey play equally well opposite each other.



Ian Graham

A MAMMOTH PRODUCTION AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

SIR JOHN GIELGUD made his debut as an operatic producer when "The Trojans" by Berlioz was presented at Covent Garden earlier this month. This was the first time that this work was ever staged at the Royal Opera House; eight performances were given in all. Sir John, encouraged and helped by the conductor Rafael Kubelik, brought his great knowledge of the theatre to the task of directing principals and chorus in this vast and rarely performed work, in order to make the most of the opera's musical and dramatic potentialities. Above: Dido, Queen of Carthage (Blanche Thebom), prepares to kill herself when she is told of the intended departure of Aeneas



The cox of the Britannia, Kenneth Donner, prepares to take his boat into the Procession

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JUNE 19,
1957
636*



D. Brocklebank, J. Y. Scarlett, captain, and D. McGilheuddy, of the boat Defiance

ETONIANS PAST AND PRESENT CELEBRATE THE FOURTH

HAPPILY the sun broke through for luncheon to shine on the glorious scene at Agar's Plough on the Fourth of June at Eton. There was a bigger crowd than ever this year. Every few yards you met friends. Parents (and often brothers and sisters) had come to spend this traditionally happy day with their sons from all parts of the Commonwealth. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester came down from London to spend the day with Prince William, who is in Mr. Frank Coleridge's house, and the Duchess of Kent was there to see Prince Michael, who is in his second year at Mr. Charmier's house. The day, which as always began with speeches in Upper School, included the cricket match against an Eton Ramblers XI, which ended in a draw, and concluded at dusk with the picturesque procession of boats followed by a brilliant firework display beside Fellows Eyot. — JENNIFER

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

Mr. Robin Hanbury-Tenison and Miss Marika Hopkinson



Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith and Miss Judith Morrow



C. R. King-Farlow and Miss Felicity King

Mrs. Lawrence Carr, James Cecil and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort



Mr. David Walker was escorted by Miss Julia Williamson



The Hibernia, one of the ten boats in the procession, is rowed upstream for the Procession of Boats off Fellows Eyot

*Mr. and Mrs. David Dixon with Miss Tessa
Dixon and Julian Dixon*

*Garth Milne, Miss Tessa Milne, Mr. David
Buchan and Mrs. Alan Milne*



At the Pictures

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

BECAUSE Miss Jean Simmons scored a personal success as an innocent among the hoodlums in *Gyps And Dolls*, and because Miss Diana Dors was unusually impressive as a murderess facing execution in *Yield To The Night*, it does not necessarily follow that we yearn to see them in similar rôles and situations—but Hollywood, with a sterling lack of imagination, has put its faith in the mixture as before and that's how these two talented young actresses are again presented.

In *This Could Be The Night* Miss Simmons is a schoolteacher who takes a part-time job as secretary in a night-club owned by an ex-bootlegger, Mr. Paul Douglas, and his good-looking, bad-tempered young partner, Mr. Anthony Franciosa—a wolf in spiv's clothing. The nightclub employees and habitués have never seen anything half as virginal as Miss Simmons: they enter into a loving conspiracy to keep her thataway, and take such care of her that, with a certain irritation, she concludes they assume she can't take care of herself.

To prove she can, Miss Simmons invades Mr. Franciosa's apartment, knocks back half a bottle of brandy and invites him to treat her like any other girl. Most wolves would accept such an invitation with alacrity—but not Mr. Franciosa: he recognizes Miss Simmons as a *nice* girl—one not to be carelessly deflowered, for whom only matrimony will really do. Though wedding bells are as the death knell to a wolf, the film ends with the startling suggestion that they'll be ringing soon for the refined, college-trained miss from Massachusetts and the illiterate tough from the East Side. That, I suppose, is democracy for you. I hope they'll be very happy—but I doubt it.

Mr. Paul Douglas makes the ex-bootlegger a likeable old thug—the nearest thing to a Damon Runyon character in a story regrettably not written by that endearing author, Miss



MELINA MERCOURI, the dynamic Greek star whose performance in *Stella* electrified filmgoers, is to play a leading role in *The Gypsy And The Gentleman*, whose filming begins at Pinewood Studios this month. The producer is Maurice Cowan



JEAN SIMMONS plays an innocent in a den of wolves in a nightclub owned by ex-bootlegger Paul Douglas (right) in *This Could Be The Night*, a film that goes to show that a wolf's bark is worse than his bite



PREMIERE IN LONDON

JEAN SEBERG, an untried actress in a star-studded cast, plays the Maid in Otto Preminger's much-discussed screen version of Shaw's *St. Joan*, which has its London premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre tomorrow

Julie Wilson is devastating as a platinum-plated cabaret singer and Miss Neile Adams delicious as an elfin strip-tease artist who, but for her mother (dear Miss Joan Blondell), would be enjoying life as a good plain cook.

IN the title rôle of *The Unholy Wife*, Miss Diana Dors finds herself back in the condemned cell—wearing mousey hair, no make-up and an expression that says nothing more than a somewhat bored “I have been here before.” Last time we saw her so confined we believed in her: this time she doesn’t even believe in herself—and, as the would-be tense story limply unfolds, you’ll see how right she is. The character Hollywood has wished upon her is as phoney as the twinkle in a glass eye.

She is a nightclub hostess who marries a rich wine-grower, Mr. Rod Steiger, for his money. Life with Mr. Steiger, who is constantly munching grapes in an unattractive but doubtless methodical manner, becomes an insufferable bore. She decides to shoot him. In attempting to do so, she accidentally bumps off a neighbour instead.

To show how unholy she is, Miss Dors persuades Mr. Steiger to take the blame—and then does her malicious best to get him convicted of murder. To show that such goings-on are ill-regarded, the scriptwriter promptly fixes Miss Dors: she is sentenced to death for a crime she did not commit. This sort of thing does nothing at all for American justice; and nothing at all for Miss Dors—who, if she is the sensible girl I take her to be, will reply to any future Hollywood film offers in the classic words of Miss Eliza Doolittle.

MR. MARLON BRANDO, whose aspect has hitherto been somewhat sombre (not to say surly), is positively wreathed in smiles as Sakini, the wily, ingratiating Okinawan interpreter in the screen version of *The Teahouse Of The August Moon*. He is also far more

forthcoming than usual: speaking in a well-sustained clipped accent, he takes the audience into his confidence as freely though not quite as brazenly as that king of the convulsive aside Mr. Groucho Marx, used to do.

This, as they say, makes a nice change but does not win for Mr. Brando the acting honours of the piece. These, I feel, go to Mr. Glenn Ford as Captain Fisby, the not very able young U.S. Army officer detailed to impress upon an Okinawan village the benefits of the American way of life: Mr. Ford’s performance is prettily balanced on the difficult fulcrum between exasperation and enthusiasm.

THE Okinawans are friendly. They shower the captain with gifts—including an exquisite geisha, Miss Machiko Kyo—and are infinitely obliging and co-operative: it does not take these subtle Orientals long to convert the guileless Occidental to *their* way of life.

They do not want the pentagon-shaped schoolhouse he has been instructed to build them (they have, as Sakini points out, no five-sided children)—they want a teahouse. Bowing democratically to the will of the majority and braving the wrath of his bone-headed colonel (Mr. Paul Ford), Captain Fisby provides them with one, wins their love and gratitude, and reaps an unexpected reward.

Mr. Daniel Mann, directing, has broadened the comedy to fit the CinemaScope screen and has introduced one quite unnecessary touch of slapstick—an embarrassing tussle between the geisha and the captain—but on the whole this is a witty and amiable film, well written and well acted and chiefly notable for the good humour with which the Americans make fun of themselves.

—Elspeth Grant

Book Reviews

OUTSPOKEN GRIEF

Elizabeth Bowen

CAITLIN THOMAS'S *Leftover Life To Kill* (Putnam, 18s.) is a book which will be talked about this summer. It is bound to cause strong reactions, probably hostile—some may find it an outrageous picture of grief, and it does indeed unsparingly outrage any conventions we may have on the subject. The author, it is probably not necessary to say, is the widow of Dylan Thomas, poet. After his death in New York, she returned with his coffin to their home in Wales. Here, where the book begins, she faces the fact that she is alone. And more than that, left behind.

How infinitely preferable and so much more praiseworthy to be the first to go! The plucked cabbage stalks, in the wan back garden, confront me dismally: nature is great at rubbing it in; such a speaking likeness to my own mood of pure uncompromising abandon. Not a whole life: the better in theory, and I hope the longest, half is done. For better or worse, mostly worse. Only the lesser declining half is left. What shall I do with this cumbersome object that nobody wants? It is no good gracefully reclining on the old abused stooge of indispensability; even the most adored, and unique people, whom to lose seems impossible: a positive whiplash in the face of the human spirit; even they are not indispensable, once they have gone. And when I see, with my own two eyes, the gross and indecent speed with which the momentary cavity is staunched and made fast; with any handy courage and garbage of rhapsodical talk. . . .

So we open, with an immediate plunge into Mrs. Thomas's agony, anger and punctuation. The publishers are right in claiming that *Leftover Life To Kill* is without self-pity: it is swept through by fury. Mrs. Thomas does not whine, she bellows. And next she heaves herself out of Wales, which she hates: here she is, drinking Chianti on the Rome Express—the reader draws a breath of sympathetic relief. But no, she is not headed for healing Italy: not, that is to say, the mainland, but an unspecified island in the Mediterranean and a stinking and shattering town called Rio where she and Dylan had stayed, some time before.

HERE, with her cherubic five-year-old third child Colm, she settles for the winter, getting a worse press from the natives than she had got from the Welsh even. The theme of the book, as I see it, is the under-the-circumstances terrifying continuance of a marriage, which death had not dissolved. The chapters which are a flashback to the actual, battling marriage, during Dylan's lifetime, cannot but be to readers of most value. But Mrs. Thomas gives the entire thing, as she has had to live through it, her own proportions—and who shall blame her?

Elements of wild schoolgirlish reckless and defiant hilarity, making for comedy, flash through from time to time. What will be made of the Joseph episode I don't know. Mrs. Thomas makes one feel that it was inevitable, and in a way did good. It would be easy, but I don't think fair, to call much that is here exhibitionism. I don't feel that Mrs. Thomas—who already prides herself, as she says, on having achieved a state of absolute friendlessness—is likely to make new friends from among her readers. But she may well strike an answering chord in those who have, also, suffered the savagery of total loss. Like or hate, *Leftover Life To Kill* is not a book that one dare ignore.

★ ★ ★

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS is not so much an American novelist as, by closer specification, a New York one. His *The Great World And Timothy Colt* (Gollancz, 15s.) brings to my mind, more forcibly, what I have felt with regard to his other books—that here is, probably, one of the ablest storytellers and *direct* psychologists using the English language; and that, also, here is a transatlantic writer who makes the Atlantic shrink and hardly exist. True, Manhattan is no extension of London. But the Big City dominants hold good. Shortly, none of the troubles besetting the



Mark Gerson

HUGH THOMAS has just published his first novel, "The World's Game" (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 15s.). It combines satire of the Foreign Office with Flaubertian romance

TAPESTRY DETAIL "Dame a la Licorne" (c. 1510) in the Musee de Cluny, Paris. An illustration from Dr. Joan Evans's "Life in Medieval France" (Phaidon Press, 32s. 6d.)





KENNETH GREEN, with a model of the sets which he has designed for "The Rake's Progress" by Igor Stravinsky which opened the Holland Festival in the Netherlands

STUDY OF A MAN'S HEAD by Harry Becker (1865-1928) is included in the memorial exhibition of this Suffolk artist's work at the current Aldeburgh Festival of the arts

British reader in his approach to most American fiction crop up in one's reading of Mr. Auchincloss.

His hero, young, brilliant Timothy Colt, born poor, son of a hopeless mother—who shores up her widowhood with alcohol and daydreams of a mythical blue-blooded past—has forged ahead without help; he is self-made, a lawyer attached to a longstanding New York firm, in which, after one of the crises in the story, he is promoted to partnership. And we watch the apparent hardening of his character, set off by his tragic quarrel with Mr. Knox, up to the final showdown of the Emden Trust case with its spectacular dénouement.

The depth and the stable framework of Mr. Auchincloss's work gives support to the argument that a novelist does well to have, or have had, a second profession. Mr. Somerset Maugham, one remembers, was once a doctor; now *The Great World Of Timothy Colt* comes from an author who has not ceased the active and rewarding practice of law. And it is on points of law that the plot does hinge (you may find that one or two chapters demand re-reading). Can it be, in part, that from his second profession Mr. Auchincloss has gained his thorough-going knowledge of humanity? That this, his masterpiece, genuine and exciting, is unmarred by hairsplitting or legal dryness, it is (I hope) unnecessary to state.

★ ★ ★

VIOLA MEYNELL's **Collected Stories** (Reinhardt, 18s.) come as a fitting memorial to the artist, lost to us last year. This writer's high reputation, during her lifetime, was distinct from popular success—her work gave intense pleasure to particular people but was slow in reaching a wider public. Which is odd, for there is nothing "special" about it except its excellence. It has the merit of being supremely English, in spirit, in outlook, in choice of subjects. And how good that is, in these polyglot days!

Now it seems likely that Viola Meynell will come into her own. Excitingly human, for all their quiet grace, these are stories to which a variety of present-day readers will respond. There are those, for instance, which deal with the English countryside, farming, the lives and attendant dramas of those who live on

[Continued on page 656]





Fashions by Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez

COCKTAIL
EVENINGS



DRESSES for informal evening occasions may be of two kinds this season, the plain and simple, or those definitely in the party style—but even these must not be too elaborate or fussy in detail. We show here some outstanding examples by Jean Allen. On the opposite page is a cocktail dress in navy faille with camisole top bodice and full gathered skirt swathed tightly at the waist. Price approx. 13½ gns. at Fifth Avenue and branches. Above it is additionally a little fitting bolero to wear should the evening be chilly. It has a wide fichu neckline trimmed in white, and long narrow full-length sleeves. On this page is (above) the inherent sophistication of black expressed in a pleated nylon and lace dress. The finely pleated bodice and skirt has a wide cummerbund of lace net and tiny cap sleeves of lace embroidered net. Price approx. 29½ gns. at Peter Jones. On the right, an evening dress in white nylon. The skirt is finely pleated, while the bodice has straps and a band of turquoise satin. It costs approx. 28½ gns. at Jays, Regent Street.

ELEGANCE GOES TO HEEL AND TOE



1. RAYNE

1. EXOTIC high shoe for evening in red and gold brocade, reminiscent of the Edwardian era. It laces high on the instep and has a tiny collar in gold kid. It costs 14 gns. from Delman, Old Bond Street

2 & 3. THIS practical white shoe (below left) can be safely sponged. In shrunken calf, it costs approximately 8 gns. at Hutchings, 22 New Bond St., and Debenham & Freebody. A pale turquoise sandal (below right), 7 gns. also by Hutchings, worn with Nike's Sandalfoot 60 gauge 15 denier stockings

4. A COOL elegant court shoe in white guipure lace and kid; it has a slender heel in white kid. This very versatile shoe is worn with Berkshire's stretch 66 gauge 15 denier stockings. 7 gns. at Gamba, 55 Beauchamp Place

5. PALE creamy calf, a slender shoe that will tone with almost any colour. Finely-stitched bands interlace in front, made by Bally, available at the London Shoe Co., New Bond Street, Sloane Street, 157s. 6d.

6. GLOVE-SOFT stone coloured suede goes to make this distinguished shoe, decorated with a beautiful steel cut buckle, 168s. at Fanchon, Bond Street. Aristoc's 12 denier Mistique stockings, price 12s. 11d.

2. HUTCHINGS

3. HUTCHINGS





4. GAMBA



5. BALLY



BALLY 6.



THE imaginative touch is needed particularly for late day hats, which will be required to set off their wearer's face in any illumination from candlelight to neon. Those shown here fulfil this essential perfectly. Left, a swirl of tucked organza and a white feathered bird a-wing make this charming hat designed by Gillian Saw. Below is Madame Pavy's beret of pineapple goose feathers with narrow band of matching satin. Mink jacket by Calman Links. Gloves by Pinkham

Hats to wear when the sun goes down





Paulette's beautifully draped toque in black satin organza. Worn low on the brow it is trimmed with a half-moon of diamante. From Pissot and Pavy, of Davies Street, Mayfair



Bright complement to a plain suit or dress. A hat in fine white velvet fitting neatly on the head with a curled bow of pearl and diamante and a fine cobweb veil. By Gillian Saw



CLASSIC THOROUGHBREDS

THE easy elegance of this clerical grey suit by Dereta heralds the style for autumn. The suit is made in 55 per cent Terylene and 45 per cent pure worsted, it has a slim skirt and a semi-fitted jacket cinched at the waist by a wide self-buckled belt; it costs 13 gns. The tie-necked blouse in white dotted pale gold silk costs 49s. 11d., pale yellow straw hat swathed in white dotted yellow silk, 40s. 11d., black leather bag, 64s., grey leather gloves, 32s. 6d. All from D. H. Evans

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



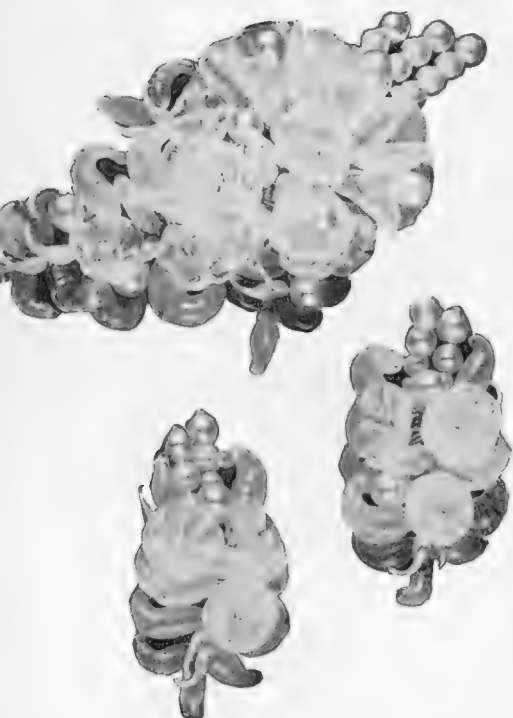
Final touches for good effect



This rounded oblong bag in black grosgrain has a satin handle, stitched and bowed, and a strong, good-looking clasp. It is obtainable from Finnigans, price £10 12s. 6d.

THE well-dressed woman knows that badly chosen accessories can spoil the most expensive and beautiful clothes. Conversely, an inexpensive but well-cut dress or suit can be transformed into high fashion when worn with a silk scarf, good gloves and bag, or highlighted by chunky jewellery or spotlessly white lace collar and cuffs

—JEAN CLELAND



Brooch and matching ear-rings in a combination of transparent white and blue beads and pearls; the brooch costs £3 9s. 6d. and the ear-rings £1 12s. 6d. In stock at Debenham & Freebody



Grosgrain collar trimmed with guipure lace, £2 4s. 11d.; linen lace-trimmed revers, £2 2s. 11d.; marguerite spray, 11s. 6d. Dickins & Jones, W.1



The punched and threaded white gloves cost £2 4s. 6d. a pair, and the longer beige gloves, £1 17s. 6d. a pair, from Finnigans



This gold-washed gilt jewellery will not tarnish. The necklace costs £13 10s., earrings £6 6s., brooch £6 6s. All from Debenham & Freebody



Blue and white striped raffia elastic belt, 18s.; white elasticated raffia belt, £1 2s.; marguerite spray, 11s. 6d. All come from Dickins & Jones

Dennis Smith



This silk square printed with roses comes from France; it can be obtained from Dickins & Jones and costs £3 17s. 6d.



Beauty

Cool fragrance

THE promise of warm weather, as I write, reminds me that we shall all be thinking of ways in which to keep fresh, fragrant and cool. Cologne, as always, is a most reliable stand-by, as it can be used in so many different ways. A few drops in the palms of the hands prevent them from getting hot and sticky. After the bath, a rub down with cologne makes a stimulating body friction. Dabbed all over the feet, under the insteps, and round the heels, cologne not only keeps them cool, but helps to harden the skin and prevent it from chafing. When one is tired, few things are more refreshing than a cologne-dampened handkerchief placed on the forehead, and, if owing to heat, the hair is looking lank, a little massaged into the scalp is wonderful for livening it up.

I have just heard an interesting story about the famous "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. In 1792, when a young banker named Mulhens—well known in Cologne—was getting married, he and his young bride-to-be were given a strange wedding present by an old friend of the family, a Carthusian monk. This was an ancient scrap of paper, which looked odd among all their costly gifts. In reality it turned out to be the most valuable of all, for it was the secret formula for making Eau-de-Cologne. Young Mulhens started making it in his own home at 4711, Glockengasse (Bell Street), from whence it took its name and became known all over the world as "4711."

ALTHOUGH cologne mixes well with other scents, some people prefer one scented to match a special perfume. Guerlain have a large variety of these available in all the well loved Guerlain perfumes. Because there was a fear of packing the ordinary bottle, in case it would not travel well, Guerlain have now brought out a new flacon, especially designed for non-leak travelling. With its square-cut glass body, and elegant gilt stopper, this is very elegant and looks extremely smart on the dressing table. Its added advantage is that it can be packed with perfect safety. This new travelling presentation of Guerlain colognes can be had in two sizes costing 27s. 3d. and 44s. The exception is "Ode," which costs 38s. 6d. and 65s.

There is I think, something psychological about keeping fresh and cool. The look of green trees, the sound of a fountain playing, the chink of ice in a glass jug, all these suggest coolness. I had the same sort of feeling when I looked at a selection of Cussons' "Flower Fresh" talcum powders. The very names make you think of cool gardens, and the talcs themselves have a delightful fragrance that is very faithful to the flowers and blossoms after which they are named. Here are some which can be relied upon to give that summery feeling: "Lilac Blossom," "Apple Blossom," "Linden Blossom," "Damask Rose," "Flowers of the Vine," "Blue Hyacinth."

BEFORE we leave the summer fragrance, I must tell you of a delightful novelty from the house of Bronnley. Right in the holiday mood are Bronnley "Sea Shells." These are 3-oz. tablets of soap in the shape of marine shells, and are both original and attractive, coming in charming colours of Sea Blue and Coral Pink. They have a fresh fragrance, and the best soap ingredients, for which Bronnley's are famous, ensure a good lather. They can be obtained from the cosmetic counter at your favourite store; a box containing three tablets costs 4s. 6d. and single tablets are 1s. 6d. each.

Although other well-known beauty houses have long since been making bath and shaving luxuries for men, Elizabeth Arden has not been among them. Up to the present she has catered solely for women. Now however, convinced that men too enjoy using refreshing preparations, she has widened her field.

Brought out first in the U.S.A., the new range became an immediate success, and there is little doubt that it will be equally appreciated over here. The range can be seen on the left.



Dennis Smith

The range of Elizabeth Arden's new preparations for men includes cologne, after shave lotion, stick deodorant, talc, foam shaving cream and soap, all of which are packaged in a charcoal and gold wrapping

—Jean Cleland



Miss Alexandra Mary Hambro, elder daughter of the late Major R. Alec Hambro and Mrs. Hambro, of Quarme, Exford, Somerset, has announced her engagement to Mr. M. F. R. Lamb, son of the late Major A. J. R. Lamb, and Mrs. Lamb, of Chelsea

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Pearl Freeman

Miss Teresa Katherine Hay, younger daughter of Sir Rupert Hay, K.C.M.G., and Lady Hay, of Causeway House, Radipole, Weymouth, Dorset, is engaged to Lt. Malcolm Barry Stanton, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. B. Stanton, of Stanley Hill, Amersham



Miss Gaie Bradley Roberts, elder daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. G. P. Bradley Roberts, of Postillions, Pembury, Kent, is engaged to Capt. Richard Maurice Hilton Vickers, Royal Tank Regiment, younger son of Lt.-Gen. W. G. H. Vickers, of Hadley House, Bayshill, Cheltenham, Glos



Harlip

Miss Ann Chance, daughter of Major and Mrs. G. H. Barrington Chance, of Braydon Hall, Minety, near Malmesbury, has announced her engagement to Mr. Dennis Neil Hewitt, of Shepherd St., London, W.1, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewitt

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RECENTLY MARRIED



E. J. Gardiner

Dent—Lowsley-Williams. Capt. John Dent, eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. R. C. Dent, of Olivers, Painswick, Gloucestershire, married Miss Patricia Lowsley-Williams, daughter of Major and Mrs. Philip Lowsley-Williams, of The Manor Farm, Chavenage, Glos, at the Priory Church, Woodchester, Gloucestershire



Pigott—Male. Dr. Francis Pigott, only son of W/Cdr. O. R. Pigott, R.A.F. (Retd.), and Mrs. Pigott, of The Old House, Wokingham, married Miss Maryella Male, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. G. Male, of Swinley Edge, Ascot, at St. Francis's Church, South Ascot



de Ayala—Beal. Mr. Richard L. de Ayala, only son of M. Edmond de Ayala, of Paris, and of Mme. de Ayala, of Beaconsfield, married Miss Gillian Beal, only daughter of the late Capt. Alan Beal, and of Mrs. Beal, of Sydney Street, S.W.3, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street



Engel—Burton. The marriage took place recently at Coulsdon Parish Church between Mr George Max Engel, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Engel, of Peaks Hill, Purley, and Miss Wendy Burton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Burton, of Purley, Surrey



Dare—Hay. Mr. George Harold Armine Dare, son of Mr. Harold Dare, and Mrs. W. E. Yockney, married Miss Penelope Constance Hay, daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Ivan Hay and the Hon. Mrs. Hay, of Wellington Place, N.W.8, at St. James's, Piccadilly



Eden—Crowder. The Hon. Ronald John Eden, younger son of Lord and Lady Auckland, of Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, married Miss Rosemary Dorothy Marion Crowder, younger daughter of Sir John Crowder, M.P., and Lady Crowder, of Chester Square, S.W.1, and of St. Austell, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Royle—Worthington. Mr. Anthony Royle, elder son of Sir Lancelot and Lady Royle, of Regent's Park, N.W.1, married Miss Shirley Worthington, daughter of the late Mr. J. R. Worthington, and of Mrs. Worthington, of De Vere Gardens, W.8, at the Grosvenor Chapel



Fenwick—Page. Mr. Thomas Featherstone Fenwick, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Featherstone Fenwick, of Warren House, Belford, Northumberland, married Miss Sarah Mary Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Page, of Westoe, Co. Durham, at South Shields



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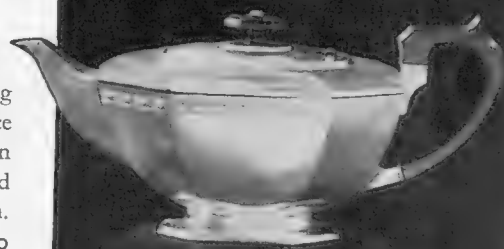
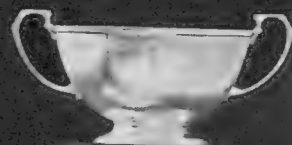
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Motoring

SUMMER SPORTS

ONCE again the Monaco Grand Prix was a race which will be a subject of conversation for years to come. None of the discussions that have taken place since the race was run has in any way affected the admiration with which Fangio's drive was greeted at the time. And the British potential was clearly displayed for the first time. The Vanwall is on the verge of international dominance; let us hope that it will attain it.

Meanwhile the new association formed under that great driver, Louis Chiron, must be welcomed by all. The dangers of racing have been so prominently in the news lately that there is a possibility of restrictive action in many countries, and this might be so extreme as to destroy the sport. Expert advice such as the new association can give (Fangio is vice-president and Moss is on the council) is exactly what is needed.

For it is possible to run road races without seriously endangering the spectators. There must always be a risk, because a car moving at the kind of speeds now attained in Grand Prix events cannot be "stopped" by straw bales or indeed by anything other than a concrete wall like those used for shielding in the atomic plants. But by a study of the basic mechanics, a great deal can be done to reduce the spectator risks to a level which all those interested in the sport will willingly accept.

NAVIGATIONAL methods on the roads do not change. Mostly they consist in a glance at a map and a pious hope that the sign-posting will be informative. In England it hardly ever is informative and maps and map-reading retain their importance. In my opinion there is room for research into road maps. I do not think that any of those who have tried to find the ideal formula have succeeded. The driver really requires the best of both worlds:

Book Reviews

[Continued from page 641]

and by the land—"The Letter," "Pastoral," "Compassionate Leave" and "Half Of A Bargain" are examples. Others make play on the fascinating subject of class-distinctions: as to these she had a fearless, accurate eye. The tale "Darling" is specially charged with irony.

Love, and its deviations and variations, is however the central theme throughout the collection. Undoubted masterpiece, "The Time, The Place, And The Loved One" shows a philanderer, shaken for the first time, chasing a lost shipboard love around Australia. The theme of marriage made on the rebound from a disillusioning love affair turns up several times. And in "Diminundo" we have a wife who, though heartbroken by her husband's infidelity, is manfully trying to "cover up for him" in the presence of inquisitive local friends.

The bafflement of well-meaning middle-aged persons in dealing with ultra-sensitive juniors appears in tragi-comical stories, "Enceinte" and "The Dinner Party," "The Veranda" and "Mrs. Kane's Illness" are studies of critical states of health. Viola Meynell's simplicity, at once poetic and sturdy, kept her clear of false or affected sophistication—though many of her men and women are worldly. The short story was for her the ideal form—as one critic put it: "She is discreetly contented with the brevity suited to a fragment of truth." This volume by no means contains *all* the tales she wrote; it has the interest of being her own selection. *Collected Stories*, accordingly, represent those which the self-critical artist herself preferred.

JULIAN SYMONS's detective stories, though few so far, place him right in the top rank. *The Colour Of Murder* (Crime Club, Collins, 10s. 6d.) is a psychological document, both convincing



EASTBOURNE MOTOR RALLY, organized by the British Automobile Racing Club, gave spectators a fine day's sport. Above is Mr. D. Perring in his Jensen 94 negotiating one of the obstacles in the intricate series of driving tests in the rally

boldly marked main roads, and details in towns and villages.

When one gets into serious navigational troubles—it always seems to be night and raining hard at such times—the Ordnance Survey map is the only kind that is of much value. Simplifications included in the route maps often remove the very landmarks which give the driver a "fix."

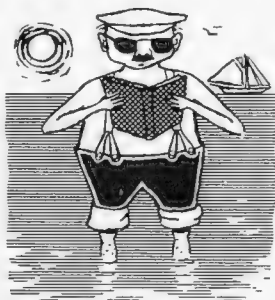
A most enterprising scheme was announced by the Rootes Group towards the end of last month. The group has entered into an agreement with Hunting Clan Air Transport to fly spares on a regular service from London Airport to the new Rootes company in Kenya.

So far as I know this is the first British spares-by-air arrangement and it means that the group's distributors abroad will enjoy notable advantages and will be in a position to offer a round-the-clock spares service.

—Oliver Stewart

and startling. John Wilkins, who works in the complaints department of a West End shop and lives in Clapham, is saddled with intense respectability, suffers from blackouts, and indulges in fantasies. He has a wonderfully terrible wife, May, and a grimly over-maternal mother. Sheila, the girl he meets by chance, proves a fatal magnet to his romantic yearnings.

Poor Wilkins (who for half of the book tells his own story) is a born suspect. May—though it is not she who comes to a sticky end—is, one might have said, a born murderess. In fact, the background of the defence is, if the chap were a killer, why not have polished off May? The Brighton holiday is brilliantly done, and the subsequent Lewes court scene not less so. *The Colour Of Murder*, in spite of its violent name, is a sympathetic treatise on human nature.



★ ★ ★
MONICA STIRLING, whose novel of last year, *Some Darling Folly*, is probably still fresh in your minds has now written *Journeys We Shall Never Make* (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.), a collection of short stories. So much, by now, do we expect of Miss Stirling, that some of the pieces here may appear slight. In fact, each one of them *was* worth writing—but some should, perhaps, have been written at greater length. This author's

original themes and—still more so—powers do seem to me to deserve space.

Nonetheless, this is a volume not to be missed, for it contains one masterpiece: the first story. "Journeys We Shall Never Make" has a railway setting, and deals with a brief encounter between a charming pampered Parisienne and a bleak, dauntless Yugoslav of the same sex. I shed tears towards the end of it, so may you!

"The Hollow Sphinx" in which a middle-aged film star sits in at a film of her young days; "Love In The Third Person," a restaurant comedy, and "A Little Night Music"—a man's different reactions to the same opera at different ages—are also much to be recommended.

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In this tribute of gratitude (for he declares that he owes to Sainte-Beuve his introduction to French life and literature and contends that the *Lundis* remain the best bedside books in the world) Harold Nicolson tells the story of the strange, unhappy poet and critic.

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Brother Surgeons

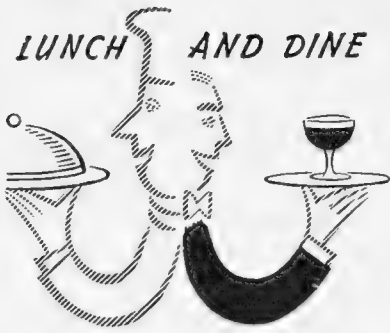
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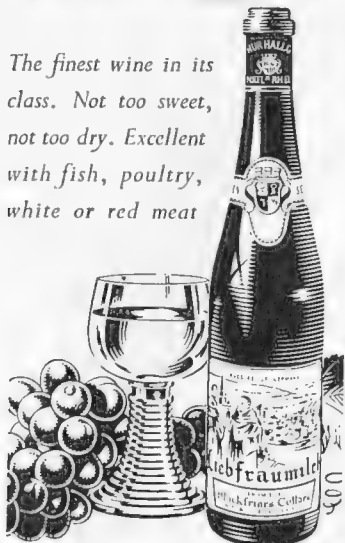
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GUY PRINCE (right), of the famous London wine firm of J.-L. P. Lebègue, shaking hands with M. le Ministre J. Chaban-Delmas, Deputy Mayor of Bordeaux, who had invested him with the Croix de Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. L'Academie du Vin de Bordeaux gave a banquet at Chateau Margaux for him

DINING OUT

Of good report

WE are getting towards the end of our restaurant roundabout. Remember there is not a restaurant in the world that will not on occasions provide an indifferent meal and give poor service, so it always helps if you make some arrangements in advance. C.S. means closed on Sundays.

ALBEMARLE CLUB, 25 Albemarle Street, W.1. Hyde Park 3454. Friendly place providing excellent fish, grills and entrées; the quality of the drinks is beyond reproach because Eddie Clarke, a world-famous expert on the subject, is the proprietor. Open from noon to 3.30 p.m. and from 6 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Theatre suppers available. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

GEORGE AND DRAGON, 256 Brompton Road, S.W.7. Knightsbridge 2626. First-class Austrian food in an unusual atmosphere with very particular service and attention. Fairly expensive if you want to enjoy yourself. Austrian wines available.

THE GUINEA, 30 Bruton Place, W.1. Mayfair 5613. If you penetrate the crowd of people drinking their pints of beer in what appears to be a perfectly ordinary pub in a narrow mews, you will be astonished to find an absolutely first-class grill room and restaurant where you can select steaks and chops, etc., of high quality. Excellent wines are available.

HONG KONG, 58 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. Gerrard 6847. Wide choice of authentic Chinese food. If you don't know, let Mr. Chong Mong Young, the proprietor, guide your selection.

JAMSHID, 6 Glendower Place, Brompton Road, S.W.7. Kensington 8045. Authentic Indian food; it has built up a considerable reputation; fairly expensive and well worth it.

LA BELLE MEUNIÈRE, 5 Charlotte Street, W.1. Museum 4975. Everything cooked to your requirements and worth waiting for; cuisine Provençale and the wine list is outstanding. C.S.

NORMANDIE HOTEL, 163 Knightsbridge, S.W.7. Kensington 1400. French and English cuisine of quality, with very reasonable prices; first-class wine list and a smart bar. Open on Sundays from 7 to 10 p.m.

RULES, 35 Maiden Lane, W.C.2. Temple Bar 5314. English food in an Edwardian atmosphere; game pies, steak and kidney puddings and such like. Good wine list. C.S.

VERREY'S, Regent Street, W.1. Regent 4495. Very popular rendezvous in the middle of Regent Street. French and English cuisine and fine bars. C.S.

WILTON'S, 34 King Street, St. James, S.W.1. Whitehall 8391. Small, particular and expensive, but very good. Sea foods and grills. C.S.

WIMBLEDON HILL HOTEL, High Street, S.W.19. Wimbledon 6565. A lot of visitors will be coming over for the tennis. This hotel is within a mile of the courts, with a very extensive menu providing first-class French and English cuisine, with a smart cocktail bar and several others. Choice of over 150 wines.

—I. Bickerstaff



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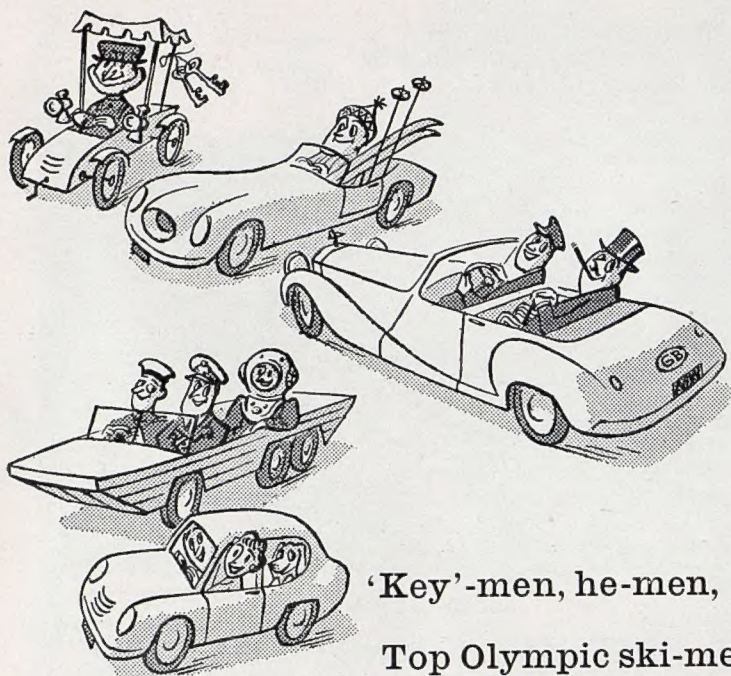
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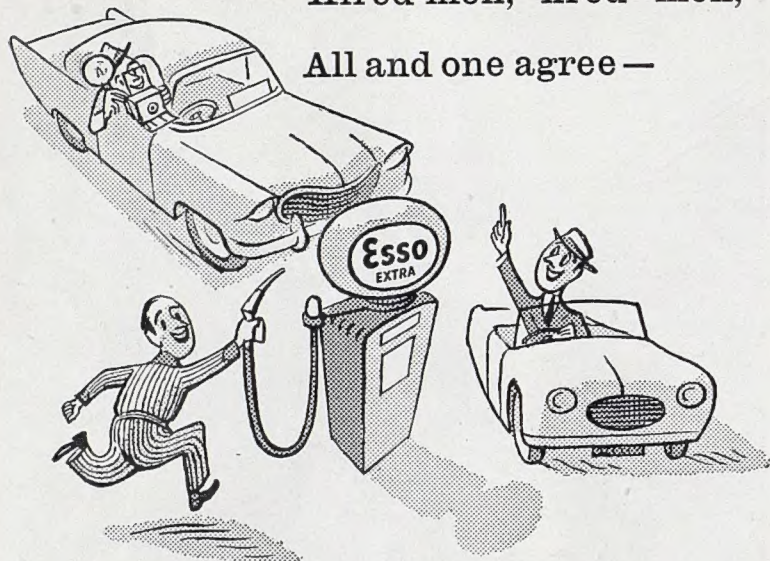
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THAT SALADS are no new fad, this amusing illustration from *Salad Days And Ways* by Rotraud Degner (Paterson, 9s.6d.) readily shows

DINING IN

Seasonal beanfeast

BROAD beans are such a fleeting crop that one has almost to rush out to buy them before they disappear, or so it always seems to me.

To serve them as I feel they should be served—that is, very young and tender—is the utmost extravagance and only permissible, perhaps, when one has a large kitchen garden and can pick them before they have formed that tough skin which older ones form, as a rule, before we get them from greengrocers' shops.

Some of us find that the overgrown "fresh" broad beans we are able to buy do not compare favourably with canned or frozen beans, so we forgo those in pods. Another thing: when we buy canned or frozen beans, we know exactly the amount we get, whereas beans in the pod are problematical as to quantity.

If you can get broad beans from the garden when they are very young, wash and boil them, unpodded, with a little salt added at the last few minutes. Drain, return to the pan, add a walnut or two of butter and shake over the heat.

Boil shelled young beans in plain water for 15 to 20 minutes then, during the last few minutes, add salt to taste. The reason for this is that the skin of all pulses seems to toughen when cooked in salted water from the start. Drain and reheat with butter to taste.

Older beans require 20 to 30 minutes' cooking.

Cooked broad beans are especially delicious in a cream sauce. For four servings, cook $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. plain flour in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter without colouring it. Remove from the heat and stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint single cream. Simmer for a few minutes. Add $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked shelled beans and seasoning to taste, including a pinch of sugar.

WHEN we get large broad beans whose skins are a nuisance to eat, the best way, of course, is to slip them off after cooking them and turn the beans themselves into a Bechamel sauce plentifully laced with chopped parsley. The parsley does more for them than anything you could imagine.

If we want a dish of which even the French could be proud, let us serve broad beans with boiled bacon. The bacon should be green—and streaky is just right. Soak a piece weighing from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 lb., then roll and tie it as carefully as your best butcher would. Cover with cold water and cook very gently, allowing about 20 to 25 minutes to the pound. Leave to cool in the stock, because it can then be cut more easily into thin slices without waste.

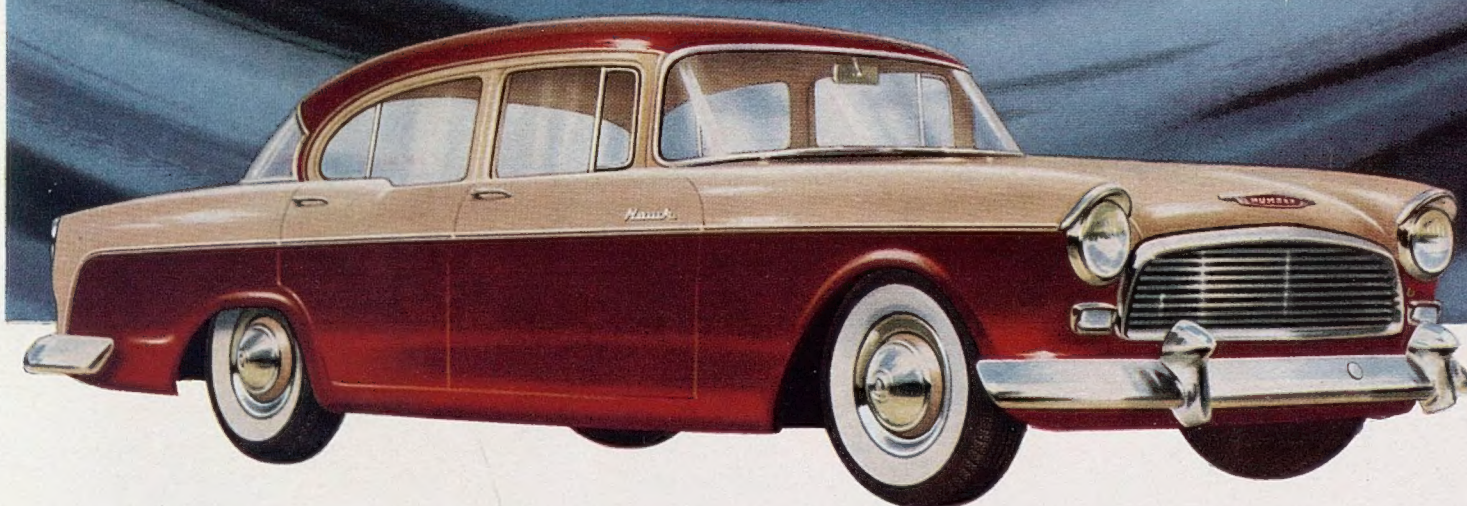
Meanwhile, boil $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. young beans (for 4 servings) or older ones which will have to be skinned. Make a good white sauce with half bacon stock and half milk. Add plenty of freshly chopped parsley. Gently heat the sliced bacon (to your requirements) in it. Serve the bacon in the sauce in an entrée dish, with the beans and very small new potatoes at each end.

The remainder of the bacon is delicious with a green salad—and it has the virtue of being inexpensive.

—Helen Burke

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